



# THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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"When out walking a dreadful sensation

used to come over me, as if all the blood in my body were rushing to the top of my head. My husband, who accompanied me, was obliged to rest me against something lest I should fall to the ground. I attended a London hospital where the doctor said that *wind and water had put my heart out of its place*. I next went to a physician in the City Road, who said I was suffering from nervous debility.

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# The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.

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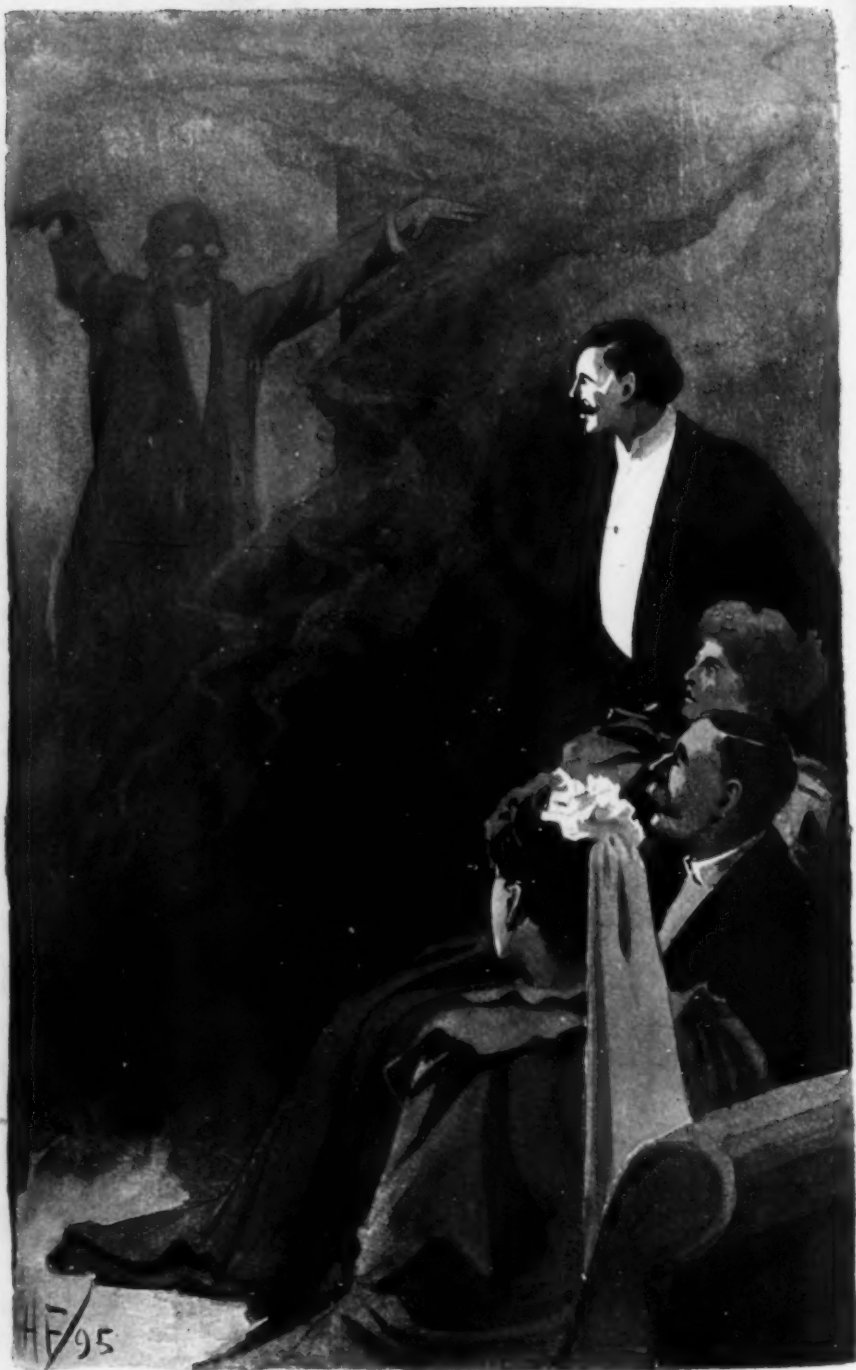
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THE TWO PROFESSORS

"THE PROFESSOR'S SHADOWY SPIRIT-FORM CAME WAVERING UP"—[page 225]



# The Two Professors.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

Author of "His Lordship," &c.

---

EVERYONE said that pretty little Mrs. Battersea Baynes would probably marry again within a twelvemonth after the demise of the learned Professor. The late lamented, a man of would-be scientific attainments, had been a constant source of amusement and interest to his friends for the last few years, so much so, indeed, that it was with great regret they received a black-edged intimation that it was no longer possible for him to continue his experiments. To the wisdom of the *savant* the late Professor had added the simplicity of a little child—a little child fond of investigating the interior composition of fireworks, and yet wholly unaware of the erratic and explosive tendencies of such combustibles. Consequently, by the time the Professor was called away from his sphere of usefulness, it could only be said that it was a merciful interposition of Providence, for, really, there was so very little to remove, owing to the unhappy results of frequent chemical experiments, particularly the last one, which had resulted in the chaotic dissemination of the Professorial fragments all over the back garden.

"Ah, poor dear," sighed Mrs. Battersea Baynes, as she smoothed down the folds of her black dress. "Ah, poor dear, he was always fond of experiments. I shall take care that my next husband, in so far as human care can contrive it, is removed from temptations of a similar nature. Men are quite explosive enough as it is, without becoming more so through the adventitious aid of science. Don't you think I am wise, Charlotte? By the way, it is a dangerous experiment of yours to want to live with me. However, I must have a chaperone, even if she is younger than myself;" and the widow smiled skittishly. She certainly meant to enjoy her freedom from the constant presence of that harassing fragment, her late husband.

Charlotte was a very beautiful woman, and at least ten years younger than the widow, whom she worshipped. Your arbitrary tyrant, especially a feminine one, usually is worshipped in this world and ushered out of it with a glowing inscription on her tombstone which must make even that insensate and unveracious chronicle sometimes blush pink all over. In the present instance Charlotte smiled, pressed the widow's hand affectionately, and kissed her.

"With my large income," she said, "we can live together and be secure from the serpent—man. Your small annuity will do for pin money."

"Humph!" said the widow somewhat dubiously, "I never was very much afraid of snakes, human or otherwise. Particularly the former."

And so Charlotte took a house in a semi-fashionable part of London, and petted and spoiled the somewhat frivolous little widow to her heart's content. And then the serpent appeared, a handsome, suave, middle-aged military man of somewhat dubious antecedents and an avowed belief in spiritualism. They met Major Rankin at a dinner one evening, and he called the next day. The Major contrived to insinuate that the widow's well-being was of paramount importance to him, and

yet his look in Charlotte's direction convinced her that she was equally the object of his tender solicitude. Curiously enough, the widow had no misgivings whatever, and began to flirt with the Major in childish innocence.

"I always liked taming things," she said buoyantly to Charlotte, after their visitor had gone. "Especially puppies."

Charlotte felt that her friend lacked discrimination, and that Major Rankin must have outgrown the puppy stage long ago. Her devotion to Mrs. Baynes did not waver under this shock, but took the shape of brushing the widow's glossy black hair every night until it fairly crackled with electricity. In short, both she and the widow got on so comfortably without the Professor that he had become a mere shadowy, fragmentary recollection—a recollection of whom it was impossible to conjure up a complete whole. Indeed, there had been no desire whatever on the



"HE CALLED THE NEXT DAY"

widow's part to conjure him up until the Major suggested it. The Major dabbled in spiritualism and, with the assistance of long-haired friends, gave *séances* in his own rooms. The first one, however, was not wholly successful. The Medium announced that the spirit of the late Professor Baynes would appear. As the widow and Charlotte sat in awed silence, their consciences reproached them with having lived so comfortably without the Professor. He had always been very kind to both of them, and thankful when they bound up his wounds after an experiment which had resulted in the usual way. As the Professor's shadowy spirit-form came wavering up out of the darkness, the widow was amazed to find how much he had improved physically. His features were not very distinguishable, but all his limbs were; he seemed to have grown taller, and to have replaced the fingers of his left hand, which had been blown away in an amateur attempt on his part to manufacture

a new and improved kind of nitro-glycerine. Major Rankin sat between Mrs. Baynes and Charlotte, and held their hands in order to form a chain of communication. The widow felt that the late Professor did not like this at all and tried to let go the Major's hand, but he only held it the more tightly and whispered to her not to be frightened. The Professor could not do anything unpleasant even if he wished to be unreasonable. It was natural that he should regret having lost such loveliness as the widow's, and come back to inquire how she was getting on. Now was the time to ask him any questions if she wished to evince her interest in his welfare, and the Professor would rap out an answer on the table.

Mrs. Baynes asked the question silently, and the Professor rapped out an angry reply, whilst the other guests shivered with fright and wished that they had stopped at home. The Professor had arrived with a sound as of rolling cart-wheels and a rumble and clanking which suggested chains. When the tension was at its height someone turned up the gas and announced Miss Merryweather, who had come late. Then it gradually dawned upon Charlotte and Mrs. Baynes that the figure they had seen was not the late Professor's at all, but simply the *silhouette* of a bus conductor projected on the blind from the street. But the Major appeared not to be convinced. He said it was simply wonderful; it might seem to unbelieving eyes to be a mere bus conductor, but there was no doubt that this was an experimental attempt on the part of the Professor to find out what sort of welcome he would receive; that he, the Major, had never fully believed in spiritualism before; now he was convinced, and meant to devote his life to getting an introduction to the Professor, and finding out what that gentleman was doing. But he couldn't discover all this alone. He needed assistance from some more highly sensitised individuality than his own, as it were; and then he squeezed the widow's hand again, and asked if he might call the next afternoon.

At the next *séance*, however, which was held in Charlotte's dining-room, the Professor did really appear—two of him! This time the Major was not holding the hands of his fair friends. He explained that he must stand in a darkened corner of the room in order to receive the Professor, and assure him that he would be treated with every consideration. Spirits from the other world were apt to be very touchy, the Major explained, but this was accounted for by our dense ignorance of spiritual phenomena. If we only knew the proper etiquette for the occasion when a spirit-form condescended to re-visit the earth, we should avoid many mistakes and learn far more than we did now. Spirits were apt to have an exalted idea of their own dignity, and required to be treated with a great deal of troublesome deference, no matter how amiable they might have been when alive. So that if the Professor became a little abrupt in his manner, the widow must not mind. He would naturally be annoyed to think that if his widow were wealthy (the widow started) she would want to marry again. Of course that need not trouble Miss Charlotte, who was free to dispose of her hand and her wealth as she pleased. Charlotte thereupon informed the Major that she had not any wealth, but merely a pittance, and that it was her friend who possessed the means which enabled both ladies to make so handsome an appearance in fashionable circles. The widow was surprised at this perversion of the truth, but a warning gesture from Charlotte made her understand the necessity for silence.

One or two little spots of light played about the darkened room and then finally disappeared. The Major announced these spots indicated that some disturbing influence was at work, but that he thought it could be overcome. It was not customary for spirits to speak. They usually communicated with people by means of a series of raps which had to be spelt out in order to form words and sentences. In this instance, however, the Major had prevailed upon the late Professor to forego the usual custom and to project his voice into space as if it emanated from the throat of a living human being. Whereat Charlotte, who had her doubts, smiled

sweetly, and expressed great delight, as someone noiselessly shuffled into the room from behind her.

The widow was nervous. "It does seem unkind," she admitted to Charlotte; "I feel as if there were something indecorous in attempting to revive ancient history in this fashion. I was very fond of the Professor and made him a good wife; but he died and—and I did not expect to hear from him again in this world. To put it vulgarly, he might treat me like one of his experiments, and blow me up."

Charlotte pressed her friend's hand affectionately. "You see, dear, I wish to get an expression of opinion from the Professor about the Major. If you marry again it must be someone who is worthy of such a treasure; not a mere adventurer who wants your money. That is why I told the Major you had more money than I have. Now we shall see what we shall see."

"Do you think it right," whispered the widow, "to make use of the Professor in this way? He might be unpleasant if he knew why we were doing it."

"He was always so good-natured," said Charlotte, "that I don't think it would occur to him to be unpleasant about such a trifling matter. However, the *séance* is about to begin. Don't be nervous, whatever happens. You were never afraid of the Professor when he was alive. Why should you be so now that he is disembodied?"

At this juncture the Major's voice sounded from the other end of the room.

"Ladies, I am about to call upon the late Professor to appear to us alone. If his voice sounds a little differently from what you have been accustomed to, you must—eh—attribute it to—eh—circumstances over which he has no control."

An amorphous mass appeared through the darkness and gradually took shape. It was impossible to see the features, although little streams of light flickered and played about the place where the countenance should have been.

"I am here," the figure announced, in sepulchral tones. "Does anyone wish to ask me anything?"

"Have you come a long way?" timidly enquired Charlotte.

"Thousands and thousands of miles," somewhat gruffly replied the voice, "Will not my dear wife speak to me?"

"Is—there anything I can do for you?" enquired Mrs. Baynes, tremulously.

"If you look behind the currant-bush at the bottom of the garden," said the voice, "you will find one of my fingers which was blown off in an experiment. I should feel easier if it were placed with the remainder of my bones: they are sensitive on the subject."

"It—it shall be done," said Mrs. Baynes. "I am so sorry it was overlooked. You remember we searched at the time, but were unable to find it."

"Quite so," said the voice; "quite so. I merely mentioned the matter. I understand you are thinking of marrying again?"

"If you have no objection," faltered the widow.

"Oh, no; not at all," said the voice. "The Major is a good fellow, and will make you very happy. Bless you——"

"I forbid the banns," cried another voice, as a sepulchral shape loomed up in the darkness.

The Professor was amazed.

"Who are you?" he enquired wrathfully.

"The spirit of the late Professor Baynes," replied the other voice. "You are a fraud; a base deception."

"If you dare to say that again I'll knock your ugly head off," answered the first voice.

"Come and do it then," urged the other.

Mrs. Baynes nearly fainted. Unmistakable sounds of a scuffle were heard,



and the two spirits began to breathe hard. Charlotte struck a specially prepared phosphorus match on the sole of her boot and held it up. In the flaring light Mrs. Baynes saw the Major, in list slippers, a table-cloth tied round his waist, struggling with an athletic young fellow who bore a strong resemblance to Charlotte.



"CHARLOTTE STRUCK A PHOSPHORUS MATCH AND HELD IT ABOVE HER HEAD"

come. What we should have done with three of him I can't imagine."

"W—what's all this?" she asked.

"Oh, it's only brother Dick," replied Charlotte, coolly. "I thought the Major was a fraud, and, as Dick came up to town yesterday, explained my little plan to him. You see, dear, you really want me to take care of you. You're much too young and pretty to marry that cross old Major. Let the Major go now, Dick, and show him out."

The Major attempted to explain, but Dick ran him out of the room.

The widow smiled.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Charlotte," she said. "You have saved me from a good deal of future misery. I'm thankful for another thing also."

"And that is?"

"It's very fortunate the Professor didn't really

*"Where Merchants most do Congregate."*

[*The Merchant of Venice.*]

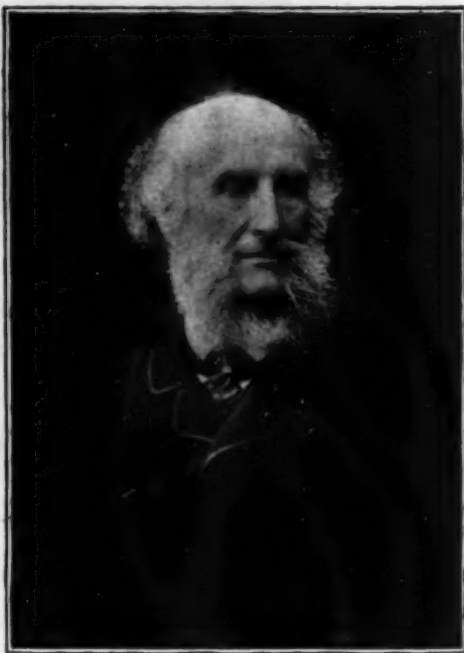
## THE SHIPPING EXCHANGE.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

*With illustrations from Photographs by Messrs. A. & G. Taylor, &c.*

**I**N sharp contrast to the old age of "Lloyd's" or "The Baltic," four years cover the history of the London Shipping Exchange. Until the early part of 1892 the building in Billiter Street, which is now thronged every day, was but dreamt of in the philosophy of the few shipping men, more cogitative than their fellows, who were wont to inquire of themselves why London lacked what every important port in the Kingdom possessed—viz., an Exchange for all sorts and conditions of men connected in any way with the navigation of the sea, ship-builders as well as ship-owners, underwriters and brokers equally with wharfingers and lightermen. "The Jerusalem" in Cornhill, when rebuilt in 1880, did, indeed, make some effort to fill the vacuum; but its ancient associations and traditions—by virtue of which it had for two centuries been recognised as the head centre of our commerce with the East—proved too strong for those energetic spirits in its councils, who essayed to bring it into conformity with "modern ideas and requirements." The London Shipping Exchange was established, and in a few months made such rapid headway as to seal the doom of "Jerusalem." Negotiations were entered into between the new and the old institutions; the former agreed to pay a certain sum to the latter for its old papers and records, and arrangements were made for its few remaining members to be transferred to the Shipping Exchange.

"The Jerusalem," which thus came to a dignified end, had a beginning which cannot now be clearly traced. It is supposed, however, that it was established as a coffee-house early in the 17th century, and was



SIR DONALD CURRIE, M.P.  
(CHAIRMAN)

given this name because it catered for the patronage of merchants and captains who traded with the Mediterranean and the Holy Land. History makes no reference to "The Jerusalem," however, until its destruction in the Great Fire of London. The coffee-house was promptly re-built, and in the course of time rapidly gained importance as the rendezvous of those who had business with the East. It is believed that the famous East India Company was first mooted, if not actually founded, at "The Jerusalem," and *apropos* of the close relationship which was long maintained between the two institutions a curious little story is told. The transfer of the great business of the Company to the Government nearly forty years ago raised all sorts of questions respecting the "vested interests" of its army of employes, and among the most difficult of these questions was the pensioning of its marine officers.

During the negotiations on the subject between the Government and the Directors of the Company "Jerusalem" was frequented every day by a number of these officers. One day the Manager of "The Jerusalem," Mr. Miller, was having an interview with the Secretary of the Company at East

India House when a long communication arrived from the Government. It was shown to Mr. Miller who, discovering that it had an important bearing on the claims of the marine officers, resolved to use in their interests the remarkable powers of memory on which he had been so often complimented by the frequenters of "The Jerusalem." He read the letter a second time, hastily returned to "The Jerusalem," and there recited it to the assembled officers with what was afterwards proved to be almost verbatim accuracy. With the information thus obtained they were able to take such action as led to their securing

from the Government all that they were demanding. The conduct of both the Secretary of the East India Company and the Manager of "The Jerusalem" in the matter is, perhaps, open to question, but the marine officers could not but acknowledge the signal service rendered them by the latter. The incident closed at "The Jerusalem" by the presentation to Mr. Miller of a fine service of plate.



MR. ALEXANDER HOWDEN  
(VICE-CHAIRMAN)



MR. J. A. FINDLAY  
(SECRETARY)



MR. HENRY LANGRIDGE

"The Jerusalem" was a second time destroyed by fire in 1748, up to which date it would seem to have retained the original simplicity of its character as a coffee-house. It was then re-built, however, on a more ambitious plan, and as then re-built so "The Jerusalem" remained till 1879. In this period "The Jerusalem" experienced the two extremes in the vicissitudes of its fortunes. Its greatest prosperity was probably reached just before the extinction of the East India Company, and when the old building was pulled down sixteen years ago it was practically recognised that for "The Jerusalem" as our grandfathers knew it modern London had no further use.

The memory of "The Jerusalem" is well cared for at the Shipping Exchange. Some of its old papers are carefully stored in the Secretary's room, and these will always have historic and antiquarian interest. Among other documents is a "List of ships employed in the service of the Honourable the United East India Company, stating those ships which are already arrived, or expected to arrive, from the several parts of India and China; those at present abroad, prosecuting their respective voyages; the ships now building; those ships, whether lost or worn out, on whose bottoms leave has been obtained to build, together with those for which, agreeably to the rules of the service, such leave may be obtained, in the succession in which they severally stand to be taken up for the seasons." This list covers a period of years from 1757 to 1833. Among other old papers taken to the Shipping Exchange from the archives of "The Jerusalem" are several relating to the long wars which caused so much anxiety and trouble to the shipping world. I transcribe one, dated 1804, as a fair sample of the rest:—

"On the February 14th, Paulø Auro bearing W.S.W., the *Royal George* made the signal for seeing four strange sail of the line in the S.W. Captain Dance, being Commodore, made the signal for the *Alfred*, *Royal George*, *Bombay Castle* and *Hope* to go down and examine them, and Lieutenant Fowler of the Royal Navy, late commander of the *Porpoise*, hav-



THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHIPPING EXCHANGE





MR. WILLIAM LUND

15th, at 1 p.m., the Commodore finding the enemy proposed to attack, made the signal to tack, bear down and engage in succession—the *Royal George* being the leading ship, the *Ganges* next and then the *Earl Camden*, which manœuvre was correctly performed, the enemy then formed a very close line and opened their fire on the headmost ships. The *Royal George* bore the brunt of the action, and got as near the enemy as he would permit him, the



MR. W. D. BARCLAY

ing offered to go in the *Ganges* brig and inspect them nearly, was afterwards sent down, and from their signals the Commodore perceived it was an enemy's squadron, consisting, as afterwards appeared, of the *Marengo* of 84 guns (Admiral Linois), the *Belle Paule* and *Simdante*, heavy frigates, a corvette of 28 guns and the Batavian brig *William* of 10 guns.

"The Commodore at 1 p.m. recalled the look-out ships by signal and formed the line in close order, but at the close of day, perceiving the enemy to haul to windward, sent Lieutenant Fowler in the *Ganges* brig to station the country ships, viz., *Lord Castlereagh*, *Carron*, *David Scot*, *Minerva*, *Ardesen*, *Charlotte*, *Friendship*, *Shaw Kassaraw*, *Sahaungeer*, *Celtwell* and *Nep-tune* on their lee bow, and having done so, he returned with some volunteers from the country ships.

"On the 15th, at 1 p.m., the Commodore finding the enemy proposed to attack, made the signal to tack, bear down and engage in succession—the *Royal George* being the leading ship, the *Ganges* next and then the *Earl Camden*, which manœuvre was correctly performed, the enemy then formed a very close line and opened their fire on the headmost ships. The *Royal George* bore the brunt of the action, and got as near the enemy as he would permit him, the *Ganges* and *Earl Camden* opened their fire as soon as their guns could have effect,



MR. W. J. CRUMP

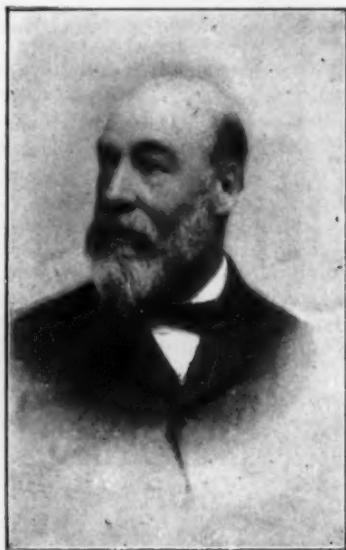
but before any other ships could get into action the enemy hauled their wind and stood to the eastward under all the sail they could set, which course they continued while in sight. At 2 p.m. the Commodore made the signal for a general chase and pursued them till 4 p.m., when he made the signal to tack, and at 8 p.m. anchored in a situation to proceed to the entrance of the Straits in the morning. The *Royal George* had one man killed and another wounded, many shots on her hull and more on her sails, but few shots touched either the *Camden* or *Ganges*. From Malacca the Commodore dispatched Lieutenant Fowler in the *Ganges* brig to Pulo Penang with a packet from the Select Committee to the captain of any of his Majesty's ships, soliciting their convoy. On February 28th, in the Straits of

Malacca, Latitude  $4^{\circ} 30' N.$ , fell in with H.M. Ships *Albion* and *Sceptre*, who took charge of the fleet until June 9th, when they arrived at St. Helena. Sailed from thence on the 18th under convoy of H.M. Ship *Plantagenet*, with the addition of the *Carmarthen*, Captain Dobree, and five whalers."

In a few books published in the last century one comes across references to "The Jerusalem," which practically tell us all that we can now learn regarding the place and the people who used to meet there. One of these books, published in 1725, was seemingly written by a friend of one of the officials of the East India Company who had had a quarrel with another servant of the Company. The gentleman whom the book attacks is spoken of a "most surprising monster, lately arrived from the East Indies." "Further particulars concerning the brute," we are informed, "may be had at 'The Jerusalem' coffee-house, in Exchange Alley, in London, and he is to be seen from ten to five every day, besides Sundays, at his den in St. Mary Axe." It will be noticed that "The Jerusalem" is here spoken of



MR. WILLIAM NORRIS



MR. S. GAMMON

as being in 'Change Alley. At that time it had a back entrance in this thoroughfare, but the coffee-house was really always in Cornhill.

The Shipping Exchange has now about 1,600 members, a larger number than at any time supported the institution, of which it may be regarded as the business successor. The Exchange proper is a large and well-lighted hall on the ground floor of the fine building in Billiter Street. The official who is seated in a kind of sentry box at the door turns a vigilant eye—which even 1,600 different faces hardly baffles—upon you on passing in, lest you should be neither a member nor have a member for companion. It is comparatively early—not quite eleven o'clock—but there is already a goodly gathering; many members are interested in the latest shipping news—posted around the room—some are ascertaining the latest speakings or reports of vessels they are the agents for, whilst others are anxious to discover, if possible, the fate of a vessel which has had to face a recent gale. A member who makes a business of salvage is, perhaps, coming to terms respecting a recent wreck, or a tug-owner may be fortunate enough to obtain orders to tow a vessel up to the docks.



MR. A. S. WILLIAMS



CAPTAIN PADDE

At about half-past eleven—when Chartering Change is held, and at a quarter to four in the afternoon—which is the hour fixed for High Change—the floor is crowded with members. "Chartering Change" almost explains itself—it is the time when ship owners, freight agents and others meet to "fix ships" and arrange rates for the conveyance of cargo. "High Change" is a more miscellaneous gathering, which transacts all kinds of business more or less connected with ships and shipping. At a quarter to four the doors are closed, and no one is allowed to enter till High Change is over at four o'clock. A score or more of members are sometimes in this way left lamenting outside. The object of the manœuvre which inflicts this hardship upon them is to facilitate the business of the members generally. With the doors closed, those who wish to meet and do business with each other are, it is thought, likely to do so much more easily and speedily than if members are constantly coming in. The closing of the doors at High Change is, I believe, the continued observance of one of the old customs of "The Jerusalem."

At High Change the shipowner can meet his broker, or the merchant can arrange terms for the conveyance of his dried fruits or baled goods by the various liners. It should be said that the ship-brokers who frequent the Exchange are of various kinds. There is the "loading broker," a man who gathers together, so to speak, the cargo of ships which are prepared to take miscellaneous goods, whose sailings he announces in good time on the Exchange. The chartering brokers, on the other hand, occupy themselves with the search for cargoes of one particular kind, such as cotton, grain, coals, iron rails, etc. They are mostly employed by the owners of what are called "tramp ships"—vessels, that is, which have no regular trade, but are willing to go almost anywhere if a profit is to be made on the run—and often if it is not. Lastly, there are buying and selling brokers—men who know everything about every ship in the market: what she cost, who built her, who owns her and so forth, and are well-informed about the most likely purchasers.

Not all the members of the Shipping Exchange, however, have joined it for the purpose of doing business there. Some make it a place of call merely for the purpose of obtaining information on matters affecting their business interests. In

the Exchange Room there is a duplicate service of Lloyd's intelligence, and a record of "Sailings" and "Arrivals." There are files of a number of newspapers, including the leading Colonial papers and directories, and reference books relating to the commerce of all parts of the world. With this regard for the business interest of the members of the Exchange is combined ample provision for their social comfort. On the first-floor is a large luncheon-room, and on the second, smoking and reading-rooms. The whole building is electrically-lighted and, taking all things into consideration, it must be admitted that the members of the Shipping Exchange, who pay an annual subscription of four guineas, if residing in London, and of only half that sum, if residing in the country, get very good value for their money.

The Exchange is the property of a limited liability company, whose shareholders form a distinct body from its members. But the object of the Company is the welfare of the shipping trades, rather than the making of dividends, and this much might be inferred from the strong list of the Directors, who number twenty-three out of about 150 shareholders. Sir Donald Currie is Chairman of the Board, and Messrs. Alexander Howden, and E. H. Forwood, Vice-Chairmen. Sir Frank Evans, M.P. (Union Steamship Company), Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P. (Thomas Wilson, Sons and Company, Limited), Col. G. R. Birt (Millwall Dock Company), and other men of leading in the shipping world are also on the directorate. Mr. Alexander Howden, the senior vice-chairman of the Directors, has taken an exceptionally keen interest in the success of the Exchange. He is often spoken of as "the Father of the ship-brokers," having been in business as a ship-broker for upwards of fifty years. The arrangements of "the Room" are under the control of a Committee annually elected by the whole body of members and known as the Room Committee. It numbers twelve, and Mr. Henry Langridge is Chairman. I

W. J. ROBINSON

D. McLAREN

T. W. WHITE

E. D. L. OSBORNE



H. E. STRICKLAND

J. McLAREN

W. PURCELL

H. GWYN

W. H. ROSS

THE SHIPPING EXCHANGE EIGHT

ought to add here that Mr. J. A. Findlay, to whom I am indebted for much information in preparing this article, has been secretary and manager of the Exchange since its establishment.

Although the Shipping Exchange is only three years old its members are already beginning to display that *esprit de corps* which comes of association together for a common purpose. A fund has been started for the temporary relief of such members as may be in need through various causes, and in its administration secrecy is held to be of the first importance. The name of any member who may apply for assistance is known to only two members of the small committee which administers the fund and they are under an honourable obligation to keep the name religiously to themselves. This secret service fund, if one may apply the phrase to a work of such unqualified excellence, has so far prospered greatly.

On one occasion in the year this incipient feeling of goodfellowship between the members of the Exchange is greatly stimulated and evoked. This is the rowing match to which "The Baltic"—the old and well-known centre of commerce in Threadneedle Street—is challenged by eight of the most skilful oarsmen to be found among the members of the Exchange. The race takes place at Putney, and last year was witnessed by members of the two institutions numerous enough to fill two of the large Thames steamers. Mr. W. D. Barclay was the first to propose this aquatic contest, saying "we have to make our living out of craft below bridge, why not get our recreation out of craft above bridge."

Occasional "house dinners" at the Exchange have further promoted this *entente cordiale* between the members of the Exchange. The toasts at these dinners have enabled prominent members to discuss various public questions as they affect the interests of the shipping community. On a recent occasion of this kind, for instance, a claim was put forward for a Ministry of Shipping, and it was urged that they should secure the return of a member of Parliament "who would block all measures calculated to injure shipping, and act in the interest of shipping generally." The members of the Exchange may not live to see the realisation of both these objects, but as an organised and united body their influence will certainly have to be taken into account when legislation affecting their business concerns is brought forward. It was mainly owing to the large meeting recently held in the Exchange, and arranged by the Directors, that a deputation of shipowners, &c., was received by Mr. Bryce, the President of the Board of Trade, to hear their views on the new regulations relating to the Rule of the Road at sea.



# "The Dudes"

## LEAVES FROM THE BUSH.

BY EDWIN HUGHES, B.A.

*Author of "An Apostle of Freedom," &c.*

**T**HAT many of the men who were trusted with autocratic powers in the early times of the Australian settlements were totally unfitted to be so endowed, has been amply proved from the records of the doings of the days when the Colonies were practically under martial law, and when a cross look from a convict was enough to bring down upon him the dreaded cat. Sin-stained as were most of those who crossed the water to "the home" provided for them by Government, and soul-benumbed as they speedily became, there were some amongst them who were innocent; men whose native grit and soul-strength, begotten of the knowledge of their innocence, pulled through their terrible trials, and who, purified by the fire of suffering, eventually became pioneers of civilization. And how the Angels of Mercy must have wept over and pleaded for those others, who, made in the image of God, were so bruised, beaten, and degraded, that they were fain to crawl away and have done with their wretched existences by whatever means came first to hand.

That many an able man was sent across the seas was proved conclusively to those who had the privilege of witnessing the performance—given I believe, in Sydney—of a piece, the prologue of which was written by a convict, and which was acted throughout by convicts. I had the opportunity of reading this prologue, and two of the lines, whether original or borrowed, struck me as being very *apropos*, for they ran:—

"True patriots we, for be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's good."

Nor is it surprising that amongst those who obtained tickets-of-leave there should be some whose sufferings had so burnt into their hearts that they determined to repay in kind the outrages that they had endured, and it was only natural that the like-minded men should in process of time have become banded together to carry out their object. No records are to be found in the archives of the colonies of the

doings of such societies, for the various governments, wisely or otherwise, took no official notice of their existence, although abundant proofs came to hand, even after the cessation of transportation to most of the settlements, that the demon of revenge was afoot. Several mysterious affairs happened in Tasmania.

To begin with, a certain major, who had been in command of a large convict settlement, and who was noted for the rigour with which he carried out his system of discipline, was found lying dead at the foot of the cliffs near Cornelian Bay. He had gone out for a ride, and his horse coming home without him, search was made and he was found as described.

In his waistcoat pocket was a short clay pipe, a real "Dudeen," that had evidently seen considerable service, and that he should be possessed of such an article was passing strange, for it was a well-known fact that he never used tobacco in any form.

Then a man who had once been a warder, and who had the reputation of having helped, by information or otherwise, to trice more men up to the triangles than any other official in the island, was found dead in one of the main streets of Hobart Town, with never a sign of violence upon him, and in his pocket too, was a "Dudeen," though in his case there might be nothing peculiar in this, since the man had most probably been in the habit of using such a pipe. But when a third and a fourth victim were discovered, each of them having been noted for their harsh treatment of the convicts, and when, moreover, upon each of them was found the "Dudeen," it began to dawn upon the authorities that an organised plot existed, and the best men available were set to unravel the mystery. Then came the attempt on the life of my host Beresford, an attempt made by a man whose sobriquet was "The Duke," and who came down from Sydney with the express purpose of removing one who had been so active and so successful in the capture of men who had taken to the bush.

But Beresford's lucky star was in the ascendant, for having in some way or other assisted a prisoner in the Hobart Penitentiary, he was put in possession of facts that not only gave him the opportunity of frustrating "The Duke's" designs, but also revealed the existence of a secret society, whose head centre was in Sydney. "The Duke" died from the effects of a wound inflicted upon him in effecting his capture, and amongst his belongings was a pipe similar to those found upon the bodies of the men to whom I have referred, and which, no doubt, was intended to adorn the person of Beresford when the dread sentence passed upon him had been carried out. The informer, Molton, in consideration of his services in the past, and of his promises of help in the future, was released, and Beresford,



"WAS FOUND LYING DEAD"

armed with every necessary authority set out with him for Sydney, there to arrest, if possible, the ringleaders of the movement, which, if unchecked, seemed like to mark down many another victim. Although Molton had given such valuable information, there was a mystery about him that Beresford could not fathom, and he mistrusted him from the very first, and the better to study him by the longer period it would give him, Beresford took passage in a barque that was going up to Sydney, and which was to call at Melbourne, instead of travelling by the ordinary steamer.

That he might have some one upon whom he could implicitly rely, Beresford took with him a young Irishman named O'Neil, who had been his right-hand man in many a bush adventure, and to whose native wit were allied a courage and a resource that had often been tried in times of peril. In order to carry out their designs O'Neil did not join the vessel until the last moment, and he took a berth for'ard with three or four other steerage passengers, amongst whom was Molton. Beresford was the only stranger aft until the barque touched at Melbourne, and there a second cabin passenger joined her in the person of a priest, who gave himself out to be the Reverend Father Woods, proceeding to Sydney to take up his duties as curate in one of the largest parishes. As the craft was a roomy one Beresford and he had cabins next to each other, and a very pleasant and affable companion the reverend gentleman proved himself to be. No sooner, however, had they cleared the Heads and got well to sea than the wind fell foul with every promise of blowing up into a gale; and so with as much canvas as she could carry, the *Dolphin* plunged into the Pacific rollers to make a long board seaward, so that if the wind held nearly north, as it seemed like to do, she might fetch Sydney Heads on the other tack. One by one the sails came off her, until a last, with just enough to steady her, the barque was forced to lay to, and down in his cabin the Reverend Father gave himself up to the miseries of *mal-de-mer*.

When Beresford went on deck he saw that the hatches were battened down for'ard and that everything had been made snug, but the *Dolphin* was as handy as a yacht and as sound as the Ark, and when she had dipped her bows into the long rollers, she rose again, and, shaking the spray from her sides, stood up like a gallant fighter for the next shock. Not a glimpse of O'Neil could Beresford get, but on the second day of the gale there came to him a note, brought by the second mate. It was from his subordinate, and it ran thus:—

"Don't trust the Priest. It's himself and Molton that are hand and glove, for I saw them together the first night he came aboard at Melbourne. Maybe he isn't a priest at all. Anyhow, 'twill be best to watch him.—H. O'N."

Father Woods came but slowly out of his attack of sea-sickness, and the gale had toned down to a spanking breeze, and the *Dolphin* had shaken out her lower canvas before he put in an appearance at the cabin table, and Beresford was able to overhaul him thoroughly. A light, spare man was he, of uncertain age, with a face that would have been handsome but for the small twinkling eyes that were so closely set together and so restless; a man well-cultured and eloquent, and one who had apparently studied many men in many lands; dangerous undoubtedly as an avowed opponent, and how much more so if he were a foe in friend's guise. And to settle the matter Beresford set himself to watch him in grim earnest, and so while the priest was taking the air on deck, and getting his sea-legs, Beresford selected a suitable spot in the partition between their cabins, and made a peep-hole, so that he might keep his man under observation in the privacy of his cabin. But for some time his spying threw no new light upon the character of his reverend neighbour, and save and except that he seemed very anxious about the safety of a small tin box that stood in the corner of his berth, there was nothing peculiar in any of his movements when he was alone. One night Beresford saw the priest go to this box and unlock it, and after turning aside some clothing that lay on the top, he produced two articles that seemed strangely out of place in his saintly

hands, for they were nothing more nor less than a brace of beautifully-finished, single-barrelled pistols. They were both at half-cock, and taking the cap from the nipple of one of them, the priest examined it critically, evidently to satisfy himself that the powder was up; then taking the other, he pulled out the ramrod, and slipping it down the barrel noticed carefully how far it projected, measuring the length with his fore and middle fingers laid across it. Then he put them back carefully into the box, and the sight of the next object he drew from it almost made Beresford cry out, for he held between his fingers for a second or two, a short clay pipe, resembling closely those found upon the bodies of the men who had come by their end so mysteriously in Tasmania. When this had been carefully replaced, he took out a small ledger, with brass clasps, and sitting down on the floor of his cabin made several entries therein, in pencil, and having read over what he had written, he put the book back, and carefully locked up his treasures. Beresford lay there awake, far into the night, trying to work out some scheme whereby he might come at the contents of the box, and overhaul them at his leisure. To be sure he could proceed by the *fortiter-in-re* method, and arrest the reverend gentleman, but as he had not a particle of evidence against him, and as the presence of the pipe and pistols might be easily explained, he foresaw that precipitate action would probably place him in an awkward fix. Then again, the man *might* be a real priest, and his arrest, if noised abroad, as it was most certain to be, would advertise Beresford's arrival in Sydney to every member of the lawless fraternity whom he wished to surprise.

Abandoning, therefore, all ideas of making Woods a prisoner, for the present at least, Beresford hit upon a plan that seemed likely to get rid of his next-door neighbour for twenty minutes or so, and this he considered long enough time to carry out his design of examining the contents of the box. O'Neil was still below in his berth, and in the course of the next morning Beresford wrote him full instructions as to how he was to act. He was to pretend that he was at death's door and that he anxiously desired the priest's presence and consolation, and this message he was to send at half-past two in the afternoon, for at that time the skipper always turned in for a post-prandial nap, and the mate was on deck, and so the cabin would be practically deserted if the priest acted up to his sacred character and went to carry comfort to the sick man. At dinner that day the Reverend's spirits were unflagging. He chaffed the captain, and quizzed the mate, and treated Beresford to the most delicate touches of his epigrammatic wit, and when he had tried the officers' tempers to their full extent he brought them back to the best of humours by a story so cleverly and so comically told that the tears ran down their faces, and the meal span out until four bells sounded, when, rising, he muttered a Latin grace and took himself off to his berth.

When Beresford got to his post of observation Father Woods was busily employed in making notes, and before he had finished it had drawn very nigh to the half-hour when the messenger should come.

The book had been replaced, the key had turned in the lock, and the bunch that hung to the ring was still jingling when there came a sharp tap on the priest's door. Through the peep-hole Beresford saw a marvellous alteration in the Reverend's face, for the sharp, alert look upon it changed in a second to one of sleepiness.

"Who's there?" he drawled out, with a yawn.

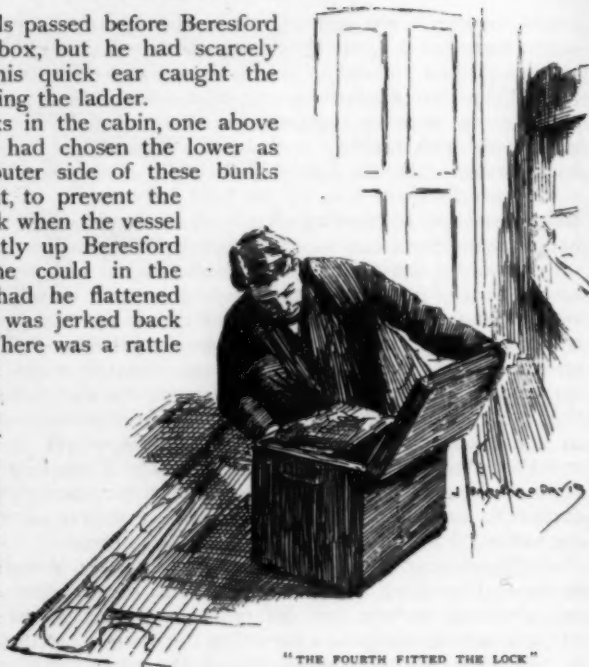
It was the mate's voice that replied. "There's a man for'ard," he said, "that wants you. He's in a strange, bad way, and he's got something on his mind and would like you to come and see him as soon as you can."

By this time Woods was at the door.

"I'll come at once," said he, and picking up his soft hat he hurried out into the cabin and up the ladder on to the deck, leaving the keys still dangling in the lock.

But a very few seconds passed before Beresford was kneeling beside the box, but he had scarcely fingered the key before his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps descending the ladder.

There were two bunks in the cabin, one above the other, and the priest had chosen the lower as his resting place. The outer side of these bunks was of considerable height, to prevent the sleeper from falling on deck when the vessel rolled, and springing lightly up Beresford crouched as closely as he could in the upper one, and scarcely had he flattened himself out when the door was jerked back and the priest entered. There was a rattle of keys and a smothered oath, and the next moment the door slammed to, and waiting until the sound of his footsteps had died away Beresford jumped down. He had made every provision for his visit, and began operations at once with the bunch of keys that he had brought with him. One! two! three were tried, and failed. The fourth fitted the lock as



"THE FOURTH FITTED THE LOCK"

though it had been made for it, and the lid of the box flew up. Noting carefully the position of the clothes so as to leave things exactly as he found them, Beresford lifted up the garments, and came upon the pipe and the pistols, and close beside them was the journal in which the Priest had been writing. He turned to the last entries, and rapidly scanning them, he read there the cynical comments that told him how well the Priest knew him, and what a fool he was held to be that he should walk so confidently into the trap that had been set for him. Then he took one of the pistols, and with a ramrod, to the end of which he had fitted a screw, he drew the wad, and two bullets fell into his hand. Rapidly ramming down some paper to take the place of the charge, he turned his attention to the other weapon. The wad came away as before, but no bullets followed. He pushed the screw down again, and gave it an extra turn, and to his surprise there came up, when he withdrew the ramrod, a long spiral piece of parchment, that as it unfolded, showed traces of a very fine writing. Without pausing to examine it critically he thrust it into his pocket, and treating the second pistol as he had done the first, and slipping them back beside the book and pipe, he replaced the other articles as nearly as possible in the same position as they had been before he first disturbed them, and locked the box. He was only just in time, for as he pulled back the door he saw a pair of heels on the top step of the ladder. The Priest was coming down backwards, for the descent was an awkward one for a landsman. With one hand Beresford closed the door of the cabin from which he had just made his exit, and with the other slipped back the door of his own, and before the Priest's eyes were in a position to behold the interior of the state-room, Beresford was snug in his bunk. It was a bright, fresh afternoon, with a bracing breeze blowing from out of an azure sky, and edging away down to the horizon to leeward, was a broad, white, band of light, into which the crested foam of the rollers seemed to merge, when they had flashed back the last gleams born of the sun's kiss. To one who had been shut up so long the



temptation to breathe the purer air, and to watch the "tumble and tossing of the sea," was irresistible, and in a very few minutes the Priest left his cabin and went on deck; and feeling that now was an opportunity not to be lost, Beresford flattened out the document, that had so providentially come to hand, on the sill of the port hole, and read it by the light that came in through the thick glass.

The first part of it was unintelligible, for it was written in cypher, but the last few sentences had evidently been penned in a hurry and were easily made out. They contained instructions, or rather commands, to the person to whom they were addressed, that he should not fail to put in an appearance at the meeting to be held at the usual place on the 17th of March, there to report upon the carrying out of the various "removals," with which he had been entrusted. It was now the 14th, and Beresford had no doubt that the "usual place" must be somewhere in Sydney, or the neighbourhood, and that the Priest was a delegate making his way thither, though it was extremely improbable if the breeze held in its present quarter that they would make the port on the day and date mentioned, and no one on board was now more anxious for a shift of wind than Beresford, for he had made up his mind that, cost what it might, he would be present when the conspirators met. He could arrest Molton and the Priest before they entered the harbour, and he felt that he could put such pressure upon both of them as would squeeze them dry, and by the aid of this information and the Sydney police he felt sure of netting the whole gang. The prospect next morning was more cheering, for the wind had shifted somewhat, and the *Dolphin* lay a few points nearer her course. The Priest was more jovial than ever at breakfast, and the jokes fell from his lips as fast as the leaves in a gusty autumn, and when the meal was over he rolled out a Latin grace with extra unction, and blessings seemed to drop from every finger of his shapely white hand.

"Come up and help us to crack a bottle, Father Woods," said the skipper, when the benedictions were over.

"Ah! Captain," said the Priest, with a sly wink, "it's hardly canonical hours for that same, yet, though I don't mind joining you when dinner's come and gone."

"I see you don't know what I mean, Father. We're going to sling a bottle at the fore yardarm, and see which of us can put a bullet in it. Come up presently and have a shot."

"Oh, it's there ye are!" said the Priest. "Well, I'm not a spoil-sport, though I'm a wretched bad shot, and you must give me a wide berth when I fire. I'll be up presently and I'll do my best;" and when later on he joined the group on the quarter-deck he seemed as full of animal spirits as a boy just let loose from school. Everyone had had a shot and had missed the mark, and as the Priest came up to the firing point the Captain handed him the gun and bade him try his luck. Beresford was standing a little forward of the rest. Twice the Priest raised the weapon, but lowered it just as he seemed on the point of firing. For the third time the gun came to his shoulder, but there was that in the glance of his evil, little eyes that put Beresford upon his guard. The bottle had swung out to the full length of its tether, and for the moment presented a steady mark, when suddenly the ship gave a lurch, the gun seemed to slip in the Priest's hands, the report rang out, and if Beresford had not ducked at that second, the charge would have gone through his brain. The next moment he gripped the Priest by both wrists, and with a quick movement threw him on the deck, and calling upon the Captain and the mate, in the Queen's name, to assist him, they speedily hauled the Reverend Father below, and Beresford told his story, and before many minutes were over he had his prisoner handcuffed, and locked up in his cabin. The Priest's box was at once confiscated, and the perusal of the diary he had kept, and of certain letters which he had received, showed clearly that he was one of the leading lights of the organization which had already done so much mischief. When the prisoner had become quiet, and this he did not do until he had been threatened with a gag,

Beresford went on to the main deck, and presently catching sight of Molton beckoned that worthy to come and join him.

"How are you getting on for'ard?" said Beresford.

"Ah thin! shure it's more like purgathory than paradise," said Molton. "Whin do ye think we'll be out av it?"

"Why? What's your hurry? The Captain reckons we'll be in before the 17th," said Beresford.

"Bad cess to it!" said Molton, "why didn't we take a stamer? But, see! tell me what was the mather wid his Riv'rince? We couldn't aisy see from the fok'sel, for the sails was in the way."

"Oh! he had a fit," said Beresford, "and we had to take him below."



"GRIPPED THE PRIEST BY BOTH WRISTS"

"A fit! Shure that's bad!" said Molton.

"Yes!" said Beresford. "He seemed to fancy that my head was the bottle he was to fire at. I disagreed with him, and he's down below now, safe enough. Come here, Molton, I want to whisper something to you." The Irishman came closer. "He's one of the 'Dudeens!'"

"How did ye get to know that?" said Molton.

"How did I get to know that?" repeated Beresford. "Just about as easily as I got to know that the meeting's to be on the 17th, and that you and he were to be there. Just as easily as I know that my finger's on the trigger of the revolver that's covering you, Sam, and that I'll pull, if you so much as move. Just put your hands on the rail, and keep them there, till I tell you to take them off. You're

a pretty pair of scamps, but when it comes to cunning, you're no match for me and my mate. Now, Sam Molton, where's this meeting to be held? Out with it! You're playing a dangerous game, and you're playing a losing one. I've got him, and I've got all the information I want except as to this place of meeting, and if you don't let me know here and now, I'll tell you what I mean to do. I shall let this fellow go, and I shall tell him that you betrayed him. He'll let the 'Dudeens' know, and I'll leave you to their mercy, and they'll get at you, as surely as they got at the Major, and the others in Tasmania. Now what do you say?"

Molton's face grew ashen grey, the sweat stood on his forehead, and he had to grip the bulwark hard to keep himself from falling.

"Arrah! ye wouldn't do that Misther Beresford?" he whispered. The battle was as good as won, for Molton knew that the man speaking to him never made an idle threat, and that he was certain of the fate in store for him if he were left to the tender mercies of the "Dudeens," was shown in every quiver of his quaking limbs. And so before many minutes had passed Beresford was able to note down the exact locality of the house of meeting, and when he had consulted a map of Sydney that the Captain lent him he marked the very spot to which he was to go, and made himself familiar with the shortest route thereto. When Beresford visited the Priest he found that persuasions and threats were alike wasted upon him, and he was obliged to play his trump card.

"I have been offering you a chance," said he, "of saving your neck, and you won't take it. Now let me show you that I can do without any help from you. I know that the 'Dudeens,' as you call yourselves, are to meet on the 17th at nine o'clock at night, and I know exactly where they are going to meet," and here he mentioned the number of the house and the street, "and you're not so sharp as I take you to be if you can't guess who gave me my information."

The change, though but momentary, that passed over the man's face when he heard the address told Beresford that the shaft had gone home, and that Molton had spoken the truth, and now that he felt himself master of the situation, he could do nothing but long for a shift of wind, and a speedy run up to Sydney. The Fates were kind to him, for next day the *Dolphin* was pushing the billows aside, with her bows pointing to Sydney Heads and a fine breeze just abaft the beam. It was a close shave, and when the vessel dropped her anchor some few hundred feet from what is now the busy Circular Quay, it wanted but half-an-hour to the time of the "Dudeens'" meeting. No one was allowed to leave the barque except Beresford and O'Neil. Their plans had been carefully laid, and Beresford, disguised as a priest, and got up to resemble the Reverend Woods as nearly as possible, made straight for the place of meeting, whilst O'Neil hurried away to the headquarters of the Sydney police, there to collect a force strong enough to take every one of the murderous gang; and the better to effect their capture, and to give Beresford an opportunity of hearing their secrets, it was arranged that a considerable time was to elapse before the officers made their appearance. Beresford had no difficulty in finding the house, which stood somewhat apart from the others in the street, for in those days there was plenty of room in the city, and taking advantage of the shady side of the way, he reconnoitred, and saw four or five enter.

He had got the password from Molton, and knew exactly what to do; so presently he followed on the heels of a man who was passing through the front door, and keeping close to his guide he entered a small room on the left and took from a peg a long black cloak, the hood of which, when he drew it up as he had been directed to do, completely hid his face. When the password had been duly given, and when he had traversed a long passage, he found himself in a large hall in which were seated some fifteen or twenty men, all habited like himself and all with the hoods of their cloaks up except the man who sat at the head of the table. Taking one of the vacant chairs, Beresford sat down, and the grim silence that prevailed, and the sombre garb of the company, were enough to throb the pulses

of the strongest-nerved man living. Presently the clock on the mantel-piece struck nine, and he who was evidently the chairman arose.

"We have to consider to-night," said he, "the reports of those to whom have been entrusted the carrying out of the sentences passed by us; but before we do so I have a duty to perform which, however painful it may be, must yet be carried out. I am grieved to say that there has been a lamentable failure of duty in one respect, and unless the person to whom that duty was assigned can give some satisfactory explanation of his conduct, we shall have to pronounce sentence upon him, and you know what that sentence is. By the laws of our society it was decided that a person named Beresford should be put away, and the man to whom his execution was first entrusted died from a wound. Another deputy was appointed to carry out our commands, and from information received by me I know that that deputy is here now, and that he has returned without obeying the orders given to him; and,



"FOR A FEW MOMENTS THE ACCUSED STOOD SILENT."

as I said at first, unless he can satisfy us in the most complete manner, he must abide by the consequences. I call upon you, No. 3," said he, consulting some papers before him, "to tell us why you have failed to do as you promised and as we expected."

To Beresford's surprise the man sitting opposite to him rose, and flinging back his hood disclosed the features of one whom he knew quite well; for the man who was upon his trial had been his guest and, as he now learned, had sought his friendship with the intention of taking his life. For a few moments the accused stood silent; then, in calm, dispassionate tones, he made his defence, and Beresford could not but take note of the fact that both the accuser and the accused were men of education.

"You sent me down," said he, "to kill a man who has done more to help those whom we wish to avenge than any other man in Australia. I went to him as a stranger and he took me in, and when I had partaken of the best that he had to

give and had satisfied myself that he was not what he had been represented to be, I felt that if I killed him I should not be furthering the ends of justice, but should be committing a dastardly crime. I have proofs here of what I say, and I wish to lay them before this meeting, for when I became one of you I honestly believed that we were doing a right and proper thing in revenging ourselves upon those who had put such tortures upon us. But if we are to kill and maim men, simply because they have carried out an unpleasant duty in the kindest possible manner, I can no longer be one of you. Will you hear what I have to read?" Even as he spoke Beresford saw a little door open, and two men came quietly in and stood on either side of him who had just been speaking.

"Your defence," said the President, "is, if possible, a worse offence against our laws than the disobeying of them. We will not hear you further. If you attempt to leave your place you will be shot forthwith."

For a few minutes he consulted in whispers with those who sat on each side of him. Then he made a sign to the two men behind the prisoner. In an instant they stripped off his cloak and, running their hands through his pockets, took away his weapons and a short pipe, which was passed up to the man at the head of the table.

Pushing back his chair the President threw the pipe on the floor where all could see it, and setting his heel firmly upon it ground it to powder. "Even as I have made dust of this," said he, in a stern voice, "so shall our laws make dust of you. In five minutes you cease to exist!"

The moment had come when Beresford meant to interfere, and bitterly did he regret the delay that must occur before the police would arrive. He had two revolvers with him; one of these he would give to the condemned man and the other he would use himself. He was on the point of rising when he was interrupted by the voice of the President.

"There is one amongst us," said he, addressing the doomed man, "who has been called to the holy office of the priesthood. If you have any confession to make, or if it would in any way comfort you, you may speak with him for a few minutes at yon end of the room."

Fortune had played into Beresford's hands. He rose immediately and, beckoning to the prisoner, led the way to the spot indicated, taking care to get as far away from the light as possible.

"Give me your blessing, Father," said the man, "for although you are about to assist at what is nothing more nor less than murder, you are still a priest."

"Hold your head down," said Beresford, "and as you value your life don't start or show surprise. I'm the very Beresford you were sent to kill. Do what I tell you and we shall get off safely. I shall pretend to lay my hands on you presently to bless you, and as I do so I will give you one of my revolvers. When we go back to the table do you stand on the right side. I'll walk up to the President, and when I give you the signal cover the man next to you, and if I say 'shoot!' shoot! Remember you've my life in your keeping as well as your own."

The man's nerve was well nigh the equal of that of Beresford, and when presently they turned towards the conspirators again he carried the revolver Beresford had given him in such a way that it could not be seen. Walking rapidly towards the head of the table Beresford stooped as though he wished to say something to the President, and when the conspirator leant his head on one side to listen, he rested it against the muzzle of the very pistol that had once held the secrets of their society. With the revolver in his right hand Beresford could have raked the table on his side, and his ally could have done the like by the other.

"If anyone so much as moves a finger I shall blow this man's brains out," said Beresford, "and do you shoot too, if any one stirs at your end."





"THERE THEY STOOD IN GRIM SILENCE"

And there they stood in grim silence that was at last broken by the sound of a blow and the tramping of feet, and the next moment the room was filled with officers, and presently in twos and threes, and with "gyves on their wrists" the conspirators were marched off to prison, and those of them who did not suffer the extreme penalty of the law were taken care of for the rest of their natural lives, and society had no longer cause to fear the dread doings of the "Dudeens."

## Women of Note.



[Photo by Russell & Sons]

### PRINCESS ADOLPHUS OF TECK.

**L**ADY MARGARET EVELYN GROSVENOR, daughter of Hugh Lupus, first Duke of Westminster, was married a few months since to Prince Adolphus of Teck, a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers and son of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, of White Lodge, Richmond. Without possessing any great claims to beauty she has a pleasant and engaging manner and is very popular in the Royal circle. She was married from the ancestral mansion, Eaton Hall, near Chester, one of the most interesting houses in the country from an artistic and architectural point of view, and filled with historical relics of great value, which testify not only to the wealth but to the taste of the family.

## THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Theresa Susey Helen, Lady Londonderry, is the eldest daughter of the 19th Earl of Shrewsbury, and married the present Marquess, then Viscount Castlereagh, on October 2nd, 1875. Ever since her marriage she has been a popular leader in London Society, and proved herself an able coadjutor when, in 1886, during Lord Salisbury's second administration, her husband was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Since the welfare of that country was, in her opinion, threatened by Home



[Photo by Chancellor, Dublin]

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY

Rule, Lady Londonderry has become an ardent politician, and none who were present on that occasion are likely to forget her visit to the House of Commons, with the petition of the women of Ireland against Mr. Gladstone's Bill. The Marchioness is a clever, well-bred woman with a leaning towards intellectual pursuits and a partiality for outdoor sports. She takes a lively interest in the stables at Wynyard, is fond of yachting, and is an excellent amateur photographer. Last season Lady Londonderry introduced her only daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, and to celebrate this event a brilliant dinner and ball were given at

Londonderry House, which was honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters.

#### THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY.

To the Emerald Isle we owe a debt of gratitude, for it has produced some of the most beautiful women of the century. The moist atmosphere and balmy breezes appear to have a magical effect on the fair sex, who are remarkable for brilliant colouring and eyes of softest blue. One of its fairest daughters is Priscilla Cecilia, Countess of Annesley, and the eldest daughter of the late William Armytage Moore, of Arranmore, Co. Cavan, who espoused Lord Annesley in 1892. Both before and since her marriage she has devoted much of her time to philanthropic work, and has interested herself especially in that branch of it connected with nursing the sick and suffering poor. As president of a working guild to provide clothing for the inhabitants of poverty stricken parishes in County Down, Lady Annesley has brought both energy and influence to bear. She is an accomplished musician and a clever performer on both the piano and guitar, and no mean student of botany. Indeed, the gardens of Castlewella, her beautiful Irish home, are renowned for curious plants collected by Lord Annesley from various parts of the globe, and which give quite a tropical air to the grounds. The Castle, too, contains a number of interesting curiosities, one of the *portières* is made from a gown which belonged to the Empress of China and was taken from the Summer Palace. The



THE COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY

[Photo by Bassano]

ground is of dark silk, embroidered with butterflies. Another was once employed for draping the altar of a Spanish monastery, and at the head of the staircase one's attention is called to an ancient Egyptian mummy case in an excellent state of preservation. In the drawing-room is the picture painted by Sir Francis Grant, while President of the Royal Academy, of his daughter. Both Lord and Lady Annesley are fond of the sea and spend some portion of each year in yachting; but most of their time is passed at Castlewellan, situated on a wooded slope 1,000 feet

above the sea level, and from whose windows fine views of the Mourne Mountains may be obtained.



LADY GREY-EGERTON

[Photo by Russell &amp; Sons

#### LADY GREY-EGERTON.

While holding rather advanced views as to woman's position in the political world, Lady Grey-Egerton herself possesses all those graceful attributes which denote the true gentlewoman. Fond of music, and an appreciative patron of art, this gifted lady is at her best when discussing some scientific work or the leading questions of the day which bear upon the

social status of her own sex. Among many organisations which owe much to Lady Grey-Egerton may be mentioned the Gordon League, commenced in 1885, to commemorate the life-work of the hero of Khartoum, and whose principal object is to discover the needs, moral, spiritual, and physical, of those who have no means of helping themselves, and to band those together who are willing to give time and pecuniary aid for the purpose of improving the condition of the poorer classes, and of adding brightness to their lives.





THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY

(Photo by Russell &amp; Sons)

Lady Grey-Egerton has also been an earnest advocate for rescuing those of our sisters who have yielded to temptation, and has held out a helping hand to many who have been willing to grasp it. As head of the London Lodges of the Girls' Friendly Society she has done much practical work, and is a valued member of the Primrose League. Lady Grey-Egerton has been a great traveller, and has visited India, the Cape, and Robbin Island, the leper settlement. During her stay in the East Indies she made a careful study of tea-planting, wrote an article on this subject containing much valuable information, and has contributed on several occasions to periodical literature. Lady Grey-Egerton is the daughter of the late Lord Londesborough, and sister of the present Earl. She was married in 1861 to Philip le Belwarde Grey-Egerton.

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THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Rachel, daughter of Charles Gurney, Esq., and the adopted daughter of the Duchess of Bedford, was married to William Humble Ward, Earl of Dudley, at

Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, London, on September 14th, 1891. The honeymoon was spent at Taplow Court, Bucks, the residence of Mr. W. H. Grenfell. The union has resulted in the birth of two children, Gladys Honor, born June 4th, 1892, and William Humble Eric, Viscount Ednam, born January 30th, 1894. Since their marriage the Earl and Countess of Dudley have chiefly resided at their charming country seat, Witley Court, Worcestershire, and at the Dudley House, Park Lane, W.

**MRS. GROVER  
CLEVELAND.**

Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who presides for the second time at the White House, Washington, as the wife of the President of the United States, has won universal popularity during both administrations. She possesses great charm of manner, is a delightful hostess, and from the first hour that she entered the Executive Mansion, by her gentle dignity and personal graces, won the affections of the American people. Miss Frances Folsam was just twenty years old, when, in 1886, she married President Cleveland. On this occasion the following cable message was received from Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. "Pray accept my sincere congratulations on your marriage, and my best wishes for your happiness." Mrs. Cleveland was a student at Wells College, and though she was never regarded as a bookworm has proved herself a highly educated and intelligent woman. During her school days she was especially appreciated for her powers of mimicry, wit, and humour, and was the champion story-teller of the college. Since that time, in disposition, she has changed but little. Her figure is rounder, her auburn hair has taken a darker tint, and her face has lost its youthful contour; but other charms have been added, for motherhood has given dignity to her former graciousness.



MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND

F. M. G.

## Lord Westmere's Wife.

BY GUY CLIFFORD.

“**R**EAD that,” said Robert Graceman, handing me a letter which he had just perused.

We were sitting at the breakfast-table when Graceman spoke. He had been running through his morning's letters, while I was skimming through the paper preparatory to descending to the office.

Laying my paper down I took the letter and glancing over-leaf at the signature found it was signed “Westmere.” As Lord Westmere was not only a close personal friend of Graceman's, but our firm had acted as the family solicitors for several generations, I was at once prepared to give his letter my best attention. When I had mastered the contents, I pushed the note over to Graceman again.

It contained a pressing invitation to my friend and partner to visit his Lordship's Westmoreland residence. The chief reason of the invite was the attraction of shooting and fishing, to which was added the desire to have my partner's advice on some family matters.

August was rapidly drawing to a close and the 1st of September with its partridges would be with us within ten days.

The Long Vacation was on and there was nothing to prevent Graceman from taking the holiday if he thought fit.

Westmere House stood high up, overlooking the charming lake of the same name from which Lord Westmere's title was originally taken. It was an ideal spot for a holiday, and not the least attraction was the pleasant company which was usually to be found under his Lordship's hospitable roof-tree. Lady Westmere was a charming hostess, young and full of go. They had been married nearly four years and if report was to be believed they were a model couple.

“You'll go, of course?” I said, as he took the letter from me.

“Yes, I suppose I must, but I wish it had been a month later,” he answered somewhat regretfully.

“Why, you've nothing to do here—I only wish I could get away for a month, I would be off in the morning,” I replied.

“I particularly desired to hear Professor Hartmann's lecture, on the 5th of September, on Trinite, the new explosive he has discovered,” said Graceman.

“Bother Professor Hartmann,” said I, somewhat rudely. “Besides, you can read all about the affair in the scientific journals.”

“Well, now, that's a really clever idea of yours, Halton, my boy,” answered Graceman, with a tinge of raillery in his tone. “I see you will profit by my teachings yet, if you live long enough. You will be realising shortly that two and two make four, and not three or five as your legal instinct endeavours to prove according as your client's interest tends.”

“There's a homely adage about the pot calling the kettle black,” I answered, laughingly, as I rose to go down to the office.

Two days later saw my friend en route for Euston, and I must confess that as I waved my hand to him as his hansom bore him off I somewhat envied him the pleasant trip he was taking. The broiling August sun was beating down with the intense heat of the dog days, and when I returned to my private den it was some minutes before I could bring my mind back from the cool and limpid waters of

Westmere to the prosaic if necessary duties of legal routine. I had two or three short notes from Robert Graceman while he was away, in one of which he stated that he was extending his visit for another fortnight and enclosing an invitation from his host for me to join them. As the time just suited my plans I delightedly despatched a prompt acceptance, and the following Saturday found me comfortably ensconced in the drawing-room car of the London and North Western express train. Graceman met me at Carnforth station with a smart little dog-cart. His jolly face was tanned with the sun and he was looking the picture of robust health.

"How are you, old fellow?" he shouted, as he caught sight of me. "Here, porter, put those things in behind. Now then, Halton, up with you, the little mare's pulling my arms off to get back home."

As we rattled along we exchanged our budgets of news. It was nearly five miles drive to Westmere House, and although it was night the nearly full moon shed a soft beauty over hill and dale that made the landscape seem like fairy land.

"You will be sorry to hear, Halton, that Lady Westmere is somewhat unwell," Graceman remarked, as we drove up the avenue leading to the house.

"Nothing serious I trust," I replied. "Has she been so long?"

"A week or two; she suffers from headaches and insomnia, but we usually have the pleasure of seeing her in the drawing-room in the evening."

"By the way, Graceman, you never mentioned what the business was that our host desired to see you about," I remarked.

"Business," answered Graceman; "what business? Yes, of course, I remember, it was only my advice he wanted on some private matters. Here we are," and as he spoke a sharp turn brought us right up to the main entrance.

Lord Westmere welcomed me warmly, and as soon as I had removed the dust of my journey I joined Graceman and my host in the latter's study, where he had ordered supper to be laid for me. Later on we went into the billiard-room, as Lady Westmere had retired for the night. I fancied my host appeared somewhat careworn and worried, especially was this noticeable when, having defeated Graceman, he rested whilst I took up a cue. Instead of following our strokes I more than once observed his eyes fixed on vacancy as though the mind was absent.

We were out early next morning, as it had been



"SHE PLACED HER HAND IN MINE FOR A MOMENT"

arranged to devote the day to the partridges. It was a glorious morning, a brisk breeze tempered the brilliant sun, and dispersed our smoke in a twinkling. As it was my first day's tramp, Lord Westmere and Graceman thoughtfully returned earlier than they otherwise would, so we got home in plenty of time for dinner.

As I went into the drawing-room previous to that meal I was pleased to see that Lady Westmere was seated on a settee; there was a lighted candelabra just over her head. She had been reading, and as I entered she dropped the book on her lap.

Crossing the long room to offer my hand I had ample time to observe her, and although Graceman twits me frequently as to the utter lack in my composition of that aptitude of seeing everything at once, and which in himself has developed into a sixth sense, yet I flatter myself I can see as far through a brick wall as ordinary mortals. Lady Westmere rose as I approached, but there appeared no sign of recognition in her glance. Sooth to say I felt somewhat piqued at her cold reception. It is true I had only visited Westmere once previously, when I had stayed a couple of days; this was barely three years ago—long enough evidently for her Ladyship to forget me. Yet we had been good friends then, she had done everything to make my visit a pleasure to look back upon, and had been so bright and jolly that I felt, as I say, distinctly piqued at her present behaviour.

Remember, all this flashed through my brain as I walked towards her. When I arrived opposite her I involuntarily put out my hand, at the same time uttering the wish that I hoped she was feeling better.

She placed her hand in mine for a moment.

"Thank you," she replied, and then she added, "I am sorry I was not able to bid you welcome last evening."

"I was extremely grieved to hear you had been indisposed," I answered.

Then we drifted into the usual exchange of civilities about the weather and the shooting until her husband came in, being shortly afterwards followed by Graceman.

During the whole of the following dinner Lady Westmere never once referred to our previous meeting; she was much more subdued than when I knew her before, and although somewhat thinner and paler she seemed to me to be in fairly good health.

Lord Westmere treated his wife with the same courteous affection which he had shown towards her at my first visit; there was no falling off in the loving, tender manner in which he anticipated her wants and listened to her words. I was sorry, however, to notice she did not return these little evidences of affection as of yore; it was seldom she addressed him except by his name—then it was Raymond simply—no term of endearment accompanied it.

I glanced at Graceman occasionally to see if he recognised that anything was wrong, but he was just his usual self. The conversation never flagged for a moment, but he started off on some anecdote or topic that set us all chattering again.

After dinner we men went into the billiard-room to smoke and knock the balls about; but the long day in the open had made us all tired, and we soon gave up the pretence of playing and lounged about in the cosy arm-chairs for an hour or so. Lord Westmere had informed us that his wife had retired to her apartments directly dinner was finished, and after a couple of cigars and a whisky and soda, I felt so sleepy that I begged my host to excuse me and took myself off to bed.

On the following day Lord Westmere had to visit Kendal on business, so Graceman proposed that we, he and I, should have a quiet day's trout fishing in the little beck that rippled through the Westmere estate. I have mentioned previously, I think, that Graceman was a keen and expert angler. Now, fly-fishing for trout, or the more lordly salmon, is a sport worthy of the name. But I never could understand a man of sense and able-bodied sitting by the side of a stream or pond and gazing with all his soul at a little painted cork, which, when I had tried my



hand at the game, invariably remained exactly where I had dropped it in, or, if there was a stream, floated gently or rapidly away and required to be constantly drawn back again.

A quiet walk of half-a-mile brought us to the bank of the gurgling brook, which flashed and sported joyously on its way to the mere. My friend had got his rod together and was sneaking off towards some bushes that met the water's edge before I had finished gazing at the lovely scene around me. While I was quietly getting my apparatus in order, I heard Graceman whistle.

"Bring the landing-net," he called softly; and as I ran forward with it I saw he had a fish.

In a few minutes it was gasping on the bank, and giving it a rap on the nose its captor pulled up some long grass and put the speckled beauty into his creel.

"What fly did it take?" I asked, as Graceman turned to resume his casting.

"Grey dun," he replied. "Try that and a black gnat as a dipper."

So profiting by his advice I started to try my luck. We were pretty successful, and when we rested to have our mid-day snack I had six and Graceman a baker's dozen of nice trout.

While we were munching our sandwiches I asked my partner if he knew what Lady Westmere was suffering from. Curiously enough this was the first time we two had been alone together, save for the ten minutes we had passed on our way to the beck. He answered my question by repeating the question to me.

"What do you think is the matter with her, Halton?"

"To speak truly," I replied, "I cannot give it a name. That she is different to what she used to be goes without saying; to borrow from the French she appears to me 'ennuied.' If I were a doctor I should advise change of air; she wants bracing up and rousing out of the state of lassitude into which she is drifting."

And then I went on to describe my entry into the drawing-room and the chill reception she had given me.

"I see a sad falling off in her manner to her husband, too," I added, "although he struck me as being quite as lover-like as when I first knew them. Surely you have remarked the change."

He nodded in agreement.

"Now tell me," I asked, "what is wrong?"

"That's the difficulty we are all in at present," Robert replied; "we none of us can make it out. The symptoms you have described are exactly what Westmere and myself both observe."

"A strange feature in the case is that these fits of depression recur every year at about the same period; they begin about the first week in September and continue from three to four weeks. I did not know this until I arrived down here, and it was to try and solve the enigma that Westmere was so urgent in desiring me to make my visit at this exact period."

"During the whole time that this lassitude lasts Lady Westmere avoids all company as much as possible. Her manner, as you have observed, is void of affection towards her husband, and he tells me, and, of course, it goes no farther Halton, that she repels his endearments in private more coldly even than when others are present. She forbids him to enter her apartments and altogether makes the poor fellow thoroughly unhappy for one month in the year."

"Another curious point, too, is that her memory of past occurrences seems to be almost a blank during these times. She received me in much the same manner as you experienced, and if the conversation turns on past events she apparently recollects nothing."

"As soon as the fit leaves her she becomes in a few days the warm-hearted, joyous girl we have hitherto known her to be, and her love for her husband is increased rather than diminished."



"STRETCHED HIMSELF ON  
THE SOFT GRASS

"When Lord Westmere informs his wife of what has happened, she asserts that she has no remembrance of her illness and her mind is a blank of what has occurred during the preceding month. So matters have gone on until the next year brings on the same strange fit, or aberration of mind, which we see now upon her.

"The family doctor who, *entre nous*, is not more clever than his average brother, declares that his patient is subject to a morbid fit for the time being. He recommended a change of scene at the first appearance, but Lady Westmere declined to leave her home, and as she recovered so completely when the seizure had run its length he has not pressed it since.

"Now you have all the facts of the case," Graceman wound up as he proceeded, to fill his pipe and stretched himself on the soft grass at full length to enjoy his smoke.

For some moments I turned all he had said over in my mind, but could see no other explanation for our hostess's strange illness than that given by the medical man.

"It looks to me," I then remarked, "that the doctor's diagnosis is probably correct."

"Yes, it would appear so," answered Robert, somewhat enigmatically.

"You don't agree with me?"

"My dear fellow, I just said so," he replied, "but I like to come to the root of these little matters and trace the effect to the cause. At present I have not done so, therefore the medico's opinion must perforce command respect." With this oracular expression of doubt and agreement, Graceman refilled his pipe and rose, saying he was going to have another try at the fish.

I was quite comfortable where I lay, and so I left him to enjoy his sport alone. As I remembered the happy life of Lord and Lady Westmere during my former visit, I felt sorely grieved at this shadow which had come upon them so inexplicably. True, it was only for a few weeks that the estrangement lasted, but the doubts and fears of what might happen were preying on the husband with a heavy weight. It seemed to me to call for a clever physician's advice more than my friend Graceman's, and I determined to take the first opportunity of suggesting this to Lord

Westmere. As we returned to the house I informed Robert of the conclusion I had arrived at, and asked him if he did not agree with me.

"Yes, perhaps you are right Halton," he answered, "but I think you had better wait awhile before speaking to Westmere. Wait, at any rate, until his wife recovers her usual faculties. It will only be a few days longer."

That evening Lady Westmere appeared in better spirits. She joined more heartily in our conversation, and just before she retired for rest I heard her say to her husband that she thought she would have the carriage out on the morrow for a short drive. On previous occasions these drives had always been the turning point in her illness, and the simple announcement, I could see, was accepted by Lord Westmere as a happy augury that the end was approaching.

"Do, my dear, by all means," he said. "I think you have been keeping indoors far too much."

As she left the room I thought I saw her glance at her husband with a strange look of pity and sympathy, but she made no further answer.

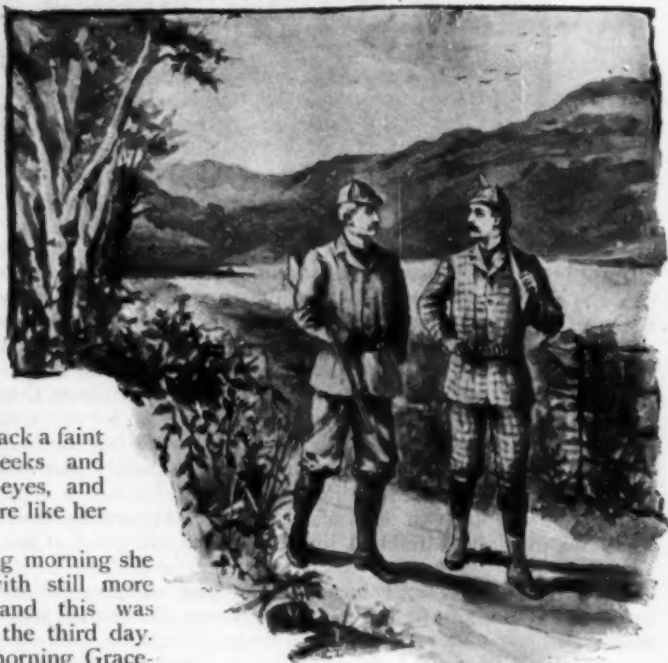
When she returned from her drive she came into lunch with us, and Graceman congratulated her on her improved appearance. The wind had brought back a faint colour to her cheeks and brightness to her eyes, and she appeared far more like her old self.

On the following morning she again drove out, with still more beneficial results, and this was repeated again on the third day. At breakfast that morning Graceman stated that he intended going into Kendal to make some purchases, declining the company of either Lord Westmere or myself, on the plea that he wanted to walk and think. This affair of Lady Westmere's was, I could tell from past experience, interesting him greatly, and, knowing his moods, I did not press my society upon him, and he started off soon after breakfast on his solitary walk. The carriage with our hostess also drove off earlier than usual that morning, and it was barely past eleven o'clock when Lord Westmere and myself were left alone to do as we pleased.

"Shall we take our guns and have a day after the birds?" asked Lord Westmere as the carriage disappeared. "Lady Westmere will probably not be back to luncheon, as she intends to do some shopping at Carnforth."

So we donned our thick boots and leggings and went out "to kill something," as the Frenchman says.

It was latish in the afternoon when we got back. Graceman had not yet



"WE WENT OUT 'TO KILL SOMETHING"

returned. Lady Westmere was in, and the butler informed his master that she had gone to lie down. During our tramp amongst the stubble and turnips that morning Lord Westmere had referred to his wife's strange demeanour. "Graceman says he has told you the unhappy cloud we are under," he had said. And I had replied in terms of sympathy with the unhappy man. Now, as we paced the terrace at the back of the house, our conversation turned again on his wife's hallucination.

"Maude will be herself again the day after to-morrow," he remarked. "It is wonderful how these fits, or whatever they are, run their course each year. For the first three weeks she is as you saw her the night you arrived; then she brightens up and goes out for a drive for three or four mornings, ending up with a couple of days' retirement, after which she is her old, sunny self again, somewhat weak and delicate, but still once more in her right mind. I know every feature of her mood now and never attempt to advise or thwart her," he ended wearily.

I was sorely tempted to utter my thoughts to the poor fellow as to obtaining more skilled advice, but I remembered Graceman's warning and refrained for the present.

Graceman returned just in time to dress for dinner. His long walk had evidently done him good, for the thoughtful look which had hung over his jolly face during the last few days had entirely disappeared. Lord Westmere was also in happier spirits, so we formed a merry trio. It was good to hear our pleasant host's honest laughter ring out at some of Graceman's quips and cranks, and when I went off to bed I felt that the evening just past had been the pleasantest I had spent at Westmere that summer.

While I was still pottering about in my room I heard a gentle tap at the door; as I unlocked it Graceman entered, holding his finger up to enjoin silence. Closing the door again he came and sat down on the easy chair.

"You don't mind my smoking," he asked, taking out his briar.

I nodded my acquiescence and waited for him to unfold the reason of his visit.

Presently, when his pipe was in full blast, he looked up at me suddenly, saying, "Do you know the lady you have seen here the past week, and who Westmere calls wife?"

My astonishment at this question, and its undoubted inference, was so unbounded that for a moment I did not answer.

"You mean Lady Westmere," at last, I ejaculated.

"No, I do not," he replied. "The lady in question is Miss Mabel Graham, Lady Westmere's twin sister."

"Good Heavens! Impossible! What makes you think so?" I asked, excitedly.

"I don't think, my boy, I know it. To be candid I had not the faintest idea of the deception until to-day. My mind was running in quite another groove. If you are not too tired I will tell you how it all came out and then we can see what's best to be done."

Settling myself to listen to the unfolding of the mystery my friend began.

"When I said I was going over to Kendal this morning I had no intention of so doing. I only desired to avoid suspicion as to my movements. Westmere had told me that his wife intended driving into Carnforth, as she had also done on previous occasions when in the same state. This struck me as a curious proceeding, and where there was so little to grasp at, anything out of the ordinary was worth looking into. I timed myself to catch the train at Milnthorpe, and in due time I arrived at Carnforth. I had plenty of time to loaf about before Lady Westmere's carriage could drive over, but I was afraid to leave the road she would come by lest I missed her. In due course, however, I saw the Westmere livery pass the little hut I was hiding in; it was not going fast, so I had no difficulty in keeping it in view at a safe distance. It stopped at a draper's shop and Lady Westmere descended; she gave some instructions to the footman as she went into the shop

and her carriage then drove off. Only a few minutes elapsed before Lady Westmere came out of the shop and, glancing round, walked off down the street; taking the first turning on the right she quickened her pace, and then she turned sharp into the gate leading up to one of the small houses which ran down each side walk.

"I felt now that my chance surmise was not in vain, but my difficulty was to keep an observation on the house without being myself detected. Mentally noting the house she had entered, the door of which had opened immediately at her approach, as though she was being watched for, I hastened back up the street and hailed a passing fly. I desired the driver to close up the hood and then to walk his horse quietly down the street and draw up on the side opposite to the house directly I knocked at his back, and there wait for further instructions. I gave him half-a-sovereign to show I meant business, and he carried out my wishes to perfection. I knew I should not have to wait long, and, meantime, hidden behind the sides of the carriage I had a perfect view of the house I was watching.

"Scarcely half-an-hour had gone by when the door opened and Lady Westmere appeared in the entrance; she was speaking to someone behind her as she came out on the front step, and turning round to bid her friend good-bye she held up her face to be kissed, and then I saw the face of the person she was kissing. It was Lady Westmere. For a moment I could scarcely credit my eyes. Lady Westmere kissing a second Lady Westmere. Then it flashed upon me in a second that the duplicate was Lady Westmere's twin sister.

"I had met Miss Mabel Graham at Lord Westmere's wedding, and everyone had remarked the extraordinary likeness between the two sisters, but one was in a bride's costume, while the other was not, so that there was not the necessity of distinguishing them.

"Now, simply looking at their faces, I could not say which was which. As Lady Westmere descended the steps her sister closed the door. For some minutes I sat back in the cab revolving my next proceeding, and I determined to dismiss my vehicle, and visit Miss Mabel. Telling the driver to go on I made an excuse when he had got away from the street, and got rid of him. Then returning I walked up to the house, and enquired for Miss Graham. I was shown into a little sitting-room, and the servant took my name as Mr. Jones. When the door next opened, I had my face to the window, and a voice said, "You wish to see me, I believe." I could have sworn it was Lady Westmere who spoke, and turning sharp round, I confronted my interlocutor.



"OH DEAR, WHY DID YOU COME?"



"'Mr. Graceman,' she exclaimed in a voice of dread and fear, 'What are you doing here?'"

"'I came to see Miss Mabel Graham,' I answered, coming forward, 'and you are——'"

"'Oh dear, why did you come?' she replied in the utmost distress.

"'Are you Miss Graham, or Lady Westmere?' I questioned.

"'Why do you want to know? why cannot you leave things as they are?' she answered; her lips pale with emotion, whilst she steadied herself against the table for support.

"Then I confided in her the anxiety of Lord Westmere for his wife's health, and how he had desired me to give him my opinion of her unaccountable illnesses. I asked her to consider me her friend, and lay all she knew before me, so I could help and advise them all for the best.

"So by degrees she gave me the whole history of what had so long puzzled us.

"Some two years before Maude Graham became Lady Westmere she was thrown from her horse and received some internal injury to her brain, although otherwise she escaped unhurt. For several weeks after the accident she lost her memory of all past events, recognising no one and became as a little child. In the following year at the exact time that the accident had occurred the same loss of memory recurred. She was then engaged to Lord Westmere, and she begged her father to permit her to tell him of her strange fatality, but he absolutely forbade her to breathe a word about it, and so they were married.

"Lord Westmere, as you are aware Halton, holds very strong views on the question of marriage between persons who are deformed or suffer from hereditary diseases, and after Maude Graham became his wife she feared to tell him of her infirmity. Of course, she was very wrong, and her father was still more blameable. In her distress, the two sisters arranged the strange deception we have seen enacted. A day or two before the fatal time arrives Maude drives over to Carnforth, and getting away from the carriage in pretence of shopping, proceeds to the house where I found them—which is kept by an old servant of their mother's. Here she changes clothes with Mabel, who returns to Westmere to enact her sister's part while the latter is under the stroke of affliction. Then in due time she returns, and the exchange is again made."

"Poor girl," I replied, as I remember the long month of self-restraint and wearying mask has to be worn by Mabel Graham.

"Yes, one can understand her coldness and mental distress as she plays the wife's part to her sister's husband. I promised her I would do nothing and say nothing without informing her, and now, old man, we'll turn in and turn our troubles to the pillows."

Next morning we talked over the matter and decided that Lord Westmere had better know all.

When Graceman had concluded his narration of the strange story to him, Lord Westmere heaved a sigh of thankfulness, and pressing Robert's hand said:

"Poor girls; what a monster I must seem to frighten them into such a subterfuge! Thank God, however, now I know their secret, a great weight is lifted from my mind, and I shall consult Sir Henry Batt, the brain specialist, as Mr. Halton suggests."

"You don't seem astonished at Miss Graham personating Lady Westmere so successfully that even you never detected the difference," I remarked.

"Not at all," Lord Westmere replied; "before we were married I frequently mistook one for the other. It appears, perhaps, impossible to credit it, but if they were dressed alike I honestly believe I could not distinguish which was my wife."

In conclusion I may mention that the great London physician was absolutely successful in his treatment of this strange case, and after a slight operation Lady Westmere's yearly forgetfulness ceased to recur.

# Rambles Through England.

## TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

**T**HIS charming district, situated in the very heart of the Garden of England—as the County of Kent has been so aptly christened—has retained its celebrity for many years, now running into centuries. During the 17th and 18th centuries Tunbridge Wells was the rendezvous of all the fashionable and gay personages of the Metropolis. Here flocked the belles and beaux of London to recuperate their exhausted energies. Here came men of letters, painters, poets, and politicians to drink the waters, to flirt and be flirted with, and to throw off dull care and amuse themselves.

Thackeray, in his "Virginians," depicts the life of his day at the Wells faithfully in the following:—

"The gentlemen now strolled out of the Tavern Garden into the public walk, where by this time a great deal of company was assembled. . . . Then came by my Lord Chesterfield in a pearl-coloured suit, with his blue ribbon and star, and saluted the young men in his turn. 'I will back the old boy for taking his hat off against the whole Kingdom and France either,' says my Lord March. 'He has never changed the shape of that hat of his for twenty years. Look at it; there it goes again. Do you see that great, big, awkward, pock-marked, snuff-coloured man who hardly touches his clumsy beaver in reply? His confounded impudence. Do you know who that is? It's one Johnson, a dictionary-maker, about whom my Lord Chesterfield wrote some capital papers, when his dictionary was coming out, to patronise the fellow. That fat man he's walking with is another of your writing fellows—his name is Richardson; he wrote "Clarissa," you know.' . . . Harry ran forward to look at the old gentleman toddling along the Walk, with a train of admiring ladies surrounding him. . . . The great author was accustomed to be adored. Enraptured spinsters flung tea-leaves around him and incensed him with the coffee-pot. Matrons kissed the slippers they had worked for him. . . . The dictionary-maker, who had shown so little desire to bow to my



YE PANTILES

Lord Chesterfield when that famous nobleman courteously saluted him, was here seen to take off his beaver and bow almost to the ground before a florid personage in a large, round hat, with bands and a gown, who made his appearance in the Walk. This was my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, wearing complacently the blue riband and badge of the Garter.

Since these times the Wells has changed much, indeed. No longer do dainty ladies and gallant cavaliers congregate on the Walks and Ye Pantiles as in the days of yore. The Wells now attracts by reason of the beauty of its situation and environs more than for its chalybeate springs.

Stately mansions and villas have sprung up all around the town, and the ancient nooks and corners of the habitues of olden days belong to the past.

Tunbridge Wells has been visited by many Royal personages, from Queen Anne to our present sovereign lady. As Princess Victoria, Her Majesty spent two seasons at the Wells with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and in 1849, when Queen, she visited the Wells together with Prince Albert and the late Emperor Napoleon and Empress Eugenie.

In addition to the various railways which run to Tunbridge, there usually runs, during the summer, a well-horsed coach which leaves the Victoria Hotel, Northumberland Avenue, London, about half-past ten daily, except Sundays, arriving at the Wellington Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, at two o'clock and leaving there at half-past three the same day for town again. The route through which the coach passes, especially over Poll Hill, is most charming, but so far the coach has not started this summer. It will be a great pity if such a lovely coaching route has to be abandoned from want of public support.

Like most places of fashionable resort Tunbridge Wells has its "Season" for visitors. This commences about Easter and extends to the Autumn, but August and September are considered, perhaps, the most favourite months. But from early Spring to late Autumn the lovely country which surrounds the town for miles has many claims for the lover of the picturesque and the beautiful.

There is plenty of accommodation in the town and neighbourhood for visitors, amongst which



THE WELLINGTON HOTEL



THE CASTLE HOTEL

are many first class hotels and boarding houses. The Wellington Hotel, overlooking the Common, stands in a commanding position, and the views from its windows command a wide stretch of delightful scenery.

The Spa and the Castle are two well-known hotels, the former situated at the top of the Common and the latter in the town.

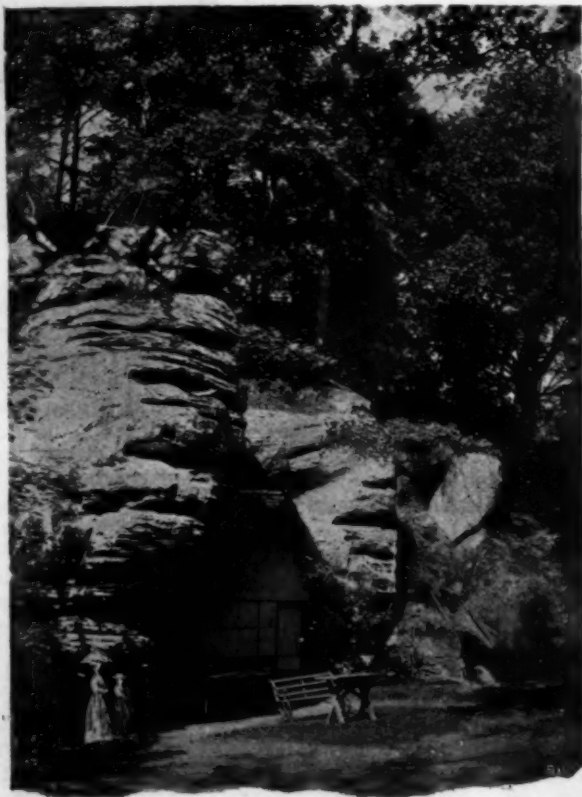
Now we will stroll round the Pantiles, or the Walks, as it was known in olden days. It is here that the gay throngs of fair ladies and gallant men congregated in bygone times to drink the waters and promenade between each dose of chalybeate. The Well is still to be seen, but the love of the waters is evidently not so strong with the present generation, for the patronage of the visitors is exceedingly limited.

The water-drinkers nowadays appear to be divided into two classes, irrespective of sex. If I were a doggy man I should compare them to fox terriers, by describing them as the "rough" and the "smooth." Not rough in manners, pray remember, but assertive, look-at-me individuals who walk up the Pantiles with firm tread and head thrown back as though they would intimate to all the world that their mission at Tunbridge was to drink the waters, and drink they would or perish in the attempt. The "smooth" species on the contrary are the reverse of the foregoing: they pretend that nothing is farther from their thoughts than the glass of water they have come for; they advance hesitatingly, stopping at the various shops to make believe that their

appearance on the Pantiles is to execute a purchase; they edge from one shop to another, drawing nearer to the Well by well-marked degrees, glancing furtively around to see if anyone is watching them; then with hurried steps they approach the Well, secure their glass of chalybeate and rapidly disappear, only to go through the same performance at their next visit.

The Pantiles retain much of their old-world picturesqueness of architecture; the overhanging first floors supported by pillars cast a pleasant shade over the shops beneath. Chairs and benches under the trees form a pleasant resting place, and, during the season, a fairly good band enlivens the proceedings during certain hours of the day.

The chief attraction of the Wells, however, is the lovely scenery which the



THE HIGH ROCKS



THE TOAD ROCK

it got there." Great chasms split up the rocky formation into numerous clumps. Ferns and wild flowers fringe each broken cleft, and slim beech and fir trees crown the summits. Even in the height of summer, when the sun is beating down with fiercest rays, the Rocks retain their pleasant coolness and induce one to dawdle and linger over the ever-changing beauties of this romantic spot.

Rusthall Common is another pleasant walk. Over the Common and past the Spa Hotel, a short tramp brings us to Rusthall. A narrow pathway on the right leads to the Toad Rock, a mass of sandstone presumed to have some resemblance in shape to a gigantic toad. There are other clumps of stone on the Common, each named by their fancied similarity to a Lion, a Loaf and a Parson's Head.

A charming drive, but rather too far for the ordinary pedestrian, is Bayham Abbey. The ruins of this old monastery, dating from the 12th century, stand in the grounds of the Marquis of Camden, who permits visitors to view them on Mondays and Wednesdays.

On no account should a visit to Penshurst be omitted. The distance from Tunbridge Wells is about six miles, and it can be reached by a good walker comfortably under a couple of hours, the foot-paths through

neighbourhood abounds in. The Common in spring and early summer, with its golden fringed gorse, is worth a day's journey to see and the pleasant walks and drives could scarcely be exhausted in a month's holiday.

One of the best known sights easily accessible for the pedestrian is the High Rocks. Crossing the Common we make for the High Rocks Lane and after a walk of a mile and a half we reach the Cape of Good Hope Inn, opposite which is the entrance to the Rocks. A sixpenny fee is charged for admission. The first impression which struck us as we wandered round the huge clefted rocks was the same wonder as the fly in the amber, "how the devil



BAYHAM ABBEY



Spelhurst and Pound's Bridge forming a charming ramble. The railway also runs to Penshurst Station, and the route can be extended on to Chiddingstone and Hever and home again from the latter station by rail. This round can be compassed in a day's drive if so desired, and the trip lies through some of the most entrancing scenery in Kent. Penshurst, now owned by Lord de L'Isle, is usually open on two or three week days to visitors, an attendant accompanying the party, for which a shilling each is charged. Penshurst dates from the time of the Conquest, but the oldest portion of the building now remaining was erected some time in the middle of the 14th century, when it was owned by Sir John de Pultney, who was four times Lord

Mayor of London. Later on it passed into the possession of the Duke of Buckingham and then the Earl of Warwick. Still later Henry VIII. granted the manor of Penshurst to Sir William Sidney, and thence it descended to his grandson, the immortal Sir Philip Sidney. The Baronial Hall still stands as one of the finest specimens of architecture and carved decoration of the 14th century. The tables and benches are some of the finest specimens of the furniture of Edward III.'s reign. At the upper end of the hall is a raised platform, where the lord and master

dined, together with his favourite guests, the main part of the lower hall being used by his domestics and various retainers of lower degree. A staircase at the opposite end of the hall leads upwards to a room or chamber used by the lord, and forming his sleeping apartment as well, the couch serving as a seat



PENSURST

by day and a bed by night. The same arrangement is presumed to have served in the lower hall for the domestics and more humble guests, whilst smaller rooms in the towers were set aside for the lord's family and honoured guests.

From this it may be observed that in those days the domestic arrangements of the upper and lower classes were managed on an extremely primitive and facile basis. When the hall was crowded with visitors and their servants and retainers it must have presented a lively sight; and how each man managed to secure a



THE SPA HOTEL

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OLD HOUSES AT CHIDDINGSTONE

comfortable night's rest seems somewhat of an enigma to us pampered mortals of the present day, when spring mattresses and feather beds fail to soothe some of us to the arms of Morpheus. How the gentler sex fared it were, perhaps, better not to enquire too closely.

Chiddingstone village, on the road to Hever, is a picturesque, old-world little place with some ancient timber-built houses well worthy of inspection.

Four miles from Penshurst brings us to Hever Castle, celebrated as being the home of Anne Boleyn. Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, completed the erection of the Castle which had been commenced by his grandfather. Here the beauteous Anne was born and educated, and later on the enamoured King used to visit Hever to woo his sweetheart, coming all the way from his palace at Greenwich for the purpose. Tradition has it that the roads near the Castle were so bad that the Royal coach sometimes got stuck in the mud, whereat the irate King used to mutter strange oaths and require much soothing by the gentle Anne.

After the death of Anne's father, Henry VIII. seized the Castle, as next of kin we presume, and later on granted it to Anne of Cleves, another of his spouses.

A very pleasant walk is to Eridge Castle, now one of the principal seats of the Marquis of Abergavenny. For over four hundred years this estate has remained in the family of the Nevills.

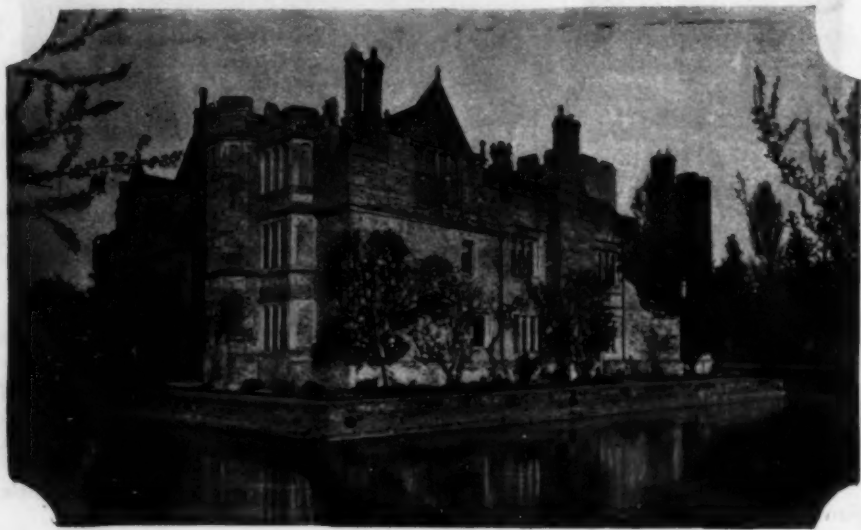
The Castle, as we see it, was erected early in the present century, taking the place of the former building. Queen Elizabeth, in one of her rambles through Kent, passed a week under the roof-tree "of my lord of 'Burgeny.'" It would appear that the roads hereabouts were much of a muchness with those round Hever, for Lord Burleigh tells us that the Queen had a hard time of it on her journey with rocky ground and soft roads.

The Castle is not shown to visitors, but a public footpath, leading through the grounds from Eridge Green, affords some charming glimpses of the ivy-mantled Castle and its luxuriant wooded grounds. Herds of red and fallow deer abound in the park, adorning the landscape with their graceful forms.

The Eridge Rocks are open to the public on Saturdays. They somewhat resemble the High Rocks of Tunbridge Wells, and are well worth visiting. They

stand lonely and secluded amidst a mass of trees and form a weird and eerie picture.

Of necessity it is impossible in our brief space to enumerate more than a few of the lovely scenes that can be reached within a ten miles radius of the Wells. Take any direction we may, every day reveals some new feature and prospect of enchanting loveliness, and those having the time and opportunity may ramble daily for months in the neighbourhood, ever finding fresh scenes of beauty and invigorating the body with health-giving air.



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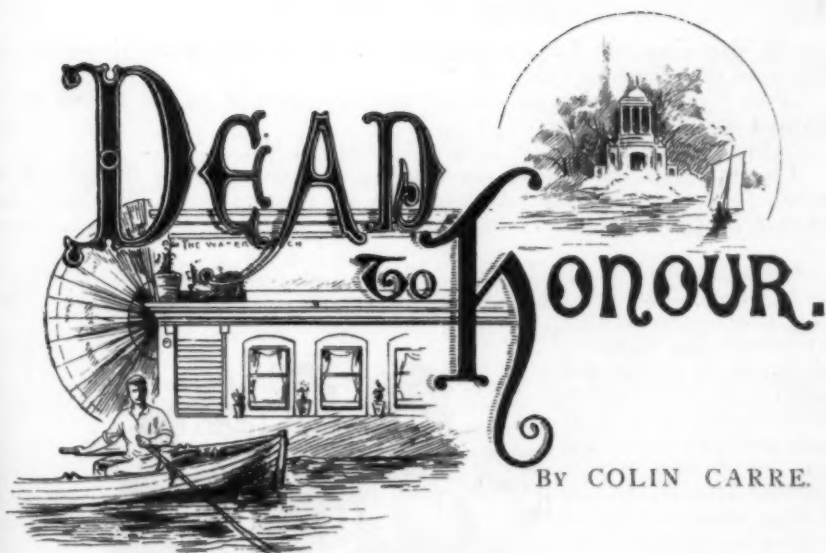
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## CHAPTER I.

### THE RACE FOR THE CUP.

"**H**ERE they come, Marion, here they come! can you see which leads?" cried Lucy Haversham, clapping her hands excitedly and leaning forward in her eagerness to catch a glimpse of the on-coming boats.

The scene is Henley Regatta.

There is no other such water carnival to be found the wide world over, as the regatta which annually takes place, at this ancient town, every first week in July. Here the stalwart sons of England contest, in friendly rivalry, the championships of the rowing brotherhood, whilst the feminine beauty of their country cheer them on to victory, or sympathise with them in their defeat.

The broad waterway of Father Thames from the bridge to Temple Island between each race is a moving mass of pleasure-boats of all descriptions, filled with merry crews of daintily apparelled women and their cavaliers.

A continuous string of house-boats, decked in fluttering bunting and gay-coloured flowering plants, lines one side of the course from end to end; while on the opposite shore gipsy camps, and nomadic caterers of all descriptions of entertainment and comestibles tempt the visitors with their varied delights.

Sir Everard Haversham was an old blue, and had rowed twice in the winning boat for his 'Varsity during his term at College.

Every year saw the *Waterwitch*, as Sir Everard's house-boat was named, in her place on the Henley course and during the Regatta his boat was "an open house" to all their friends. During the Henley week he also rented a villa in the town, so that the house party on the boat made a merry crew.

Lucy Haversham, who was the Baronet's only child, was the *châtelaine* of her father's house and no one could have desired a more charming or lovely hostess.

Lucy, now in her twenty-second year, as she leaned forward to watch the race, made the daintiest picture that could be imagined. The soft summer breeze blew her golden hair about her cheeks, to which the excitement of the moment had brought a hue which rivalled the rose nestling in her bosom. Her parted lips showed the interest the race had for her, as almost breathless she waited for her cousin's reply.

"St. Mary's leads by half a length," replied Marion Gray as she looked through her glass at the struggling crews.

"Poor George," murmured Lucy, "how disappointed he will be, he did so anticipate pulling off the race."

"They're holding them, Lucy, look!" exclaimed Marion.

The two boats were rapidly approaching the spot where the *Waterwitch* was moored, which was less than a furlong from the winning post. The long clean strokes of the perfectly trained crews were carrying the boats along at a tremendous pace.

It was the final for the Grand Challenge Cup, and St. Mary's, Oxford, and George Gray's Club, The Thames, were struggling for the supremacy. There was little to choose between the two crews, but St. Mary's had got off the smarter and secured a nice lead which they increased to a half-length, but their stroke had been two to the minute faster than Thames, and now the long, steady rowing of the latter was telling its tale, and St. Mary's came back foot by foot, and passing the *Waterwitch* they barely led. The babel of shouts and cheers that followed the boats surged up the course in a hoarse wave.

"Now then Mary's!"  
 "Up with her Thames—Pulled Thames!"  
 "Bravo Mary's," and countless similar invocations are hurled after the contestants as they flash past their admirers.

Those on board the *Waterwitch* took up the cry as the boats came up and passed them.

"Well pulled Thames!" came the stentorian shout of Sir Everard. "Well rowed indeed," he went on, as Thames answered to the spurt just made by their opponents, and for the first time in the race took the lead.

"Our boat's won, Lucy, bar accidents," said her father, continuing to watch the race through his glass. "By Jove, Mary's spurting again; look, my dear, how Thames is responding—splendid, magnificent!" cried the excited Baronet.

Thames stalled off the enemy's final challenge, and quickening their stroke passed the winning flag three-quarters of a length ahead.

When the race was past the course was again covered with pleasure craft of all description. Canadian canoes darted in and out between the larger skiffs. Italian gondolas, with their fantastic bows, glided silently along, propelled by gaily sashed



"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES"



natives of their own country. Sable musicians, with expansive shirt-fronts of brightly coloured calicoes and grotesque habiliments, serenaded the occupants of the various house-boats, collecting largesse in a long-handled fishing net, whilst enterprising vendors of fruit, in their floating shops, sought for customers for their luscious goods.

While the Haversham party were laughing and chatting over the settlement of the sweepstakes which they had made over the last race, a dinghy made its way to the side of the *Waterwitch*, and the occupant, making his boat fast, mounted the steps leading to the upper deck. A chorus of welcome greeted the new comer, for it was George Gray, number four of the winning Thames eight.

"See the conquering hero comes," sang Lucy saucily, as George doffed his straw hat in acknowledgment to the salutation of his friends.

"Well done, my boy," said Sir Everard, clapping George on the shoulder. "It made me feel a boy again to see how gamely you fought the fight."

When George Gray had satisfied the party that he was not so exhausted as they one and all assumed him to be, the conversation returned to the business of the day, and the entries for the next race were eagerly canvassed.

While the others were thus engrossed, George made his way to Lucy's side, and their low-toned conversation was more interesting to them than the rest of the company.

## CHAPTER II.

### GEORGE GRAY TELLS A FAIRY TALE.

WHEN George Gray first came to live at Heywood Manse, Everard Haversham's country house, he was a bright-eyed, bonny boy of twelve years of age. His mother, who had just died, was Sir Everard's only sister, and no more fitting guardian could have been found for the lad than his uncle Everard. His cousin Lucy was a little golden-haired fairy of nine, and these two soon became chums and playmates, and during George's holidays they were almost inseparable. He initiated Lucy into the mysteries of cricket and hockey. Long rambles were undertaken in search of bird's eggs and butterflies. Sometimes Sir Everard accompanied them on their expeditions, and then their delight was at its summit.

Later, when George went to Sandhurst, Heywood saw somewhat less of his company, but part of his vacations were usually spent there. Passing his examination at Sandhurst with some brilliancy he obtained his commission in the gallant 55th, and when he next visited Heywood it was in the uniform of that well-known regiment.

The good *camaraderie* which had hitherto existed between the cousins was for the first time broken, or, at any rate, the old state of things had passed away. Lucy appeared distraught and nervous when alone with her cousin, and George seemed also to feel that times were different from what they used to be. So matters drifted on for awhile until one sunny afternoon George, wandering restlessly about the house, at last made his way to the drawing-room. The door stood partly open and the soft carpet deadened his foot-fall. Over by the window, at the far end of the room, sat Lucy, with her back towards him. She was wrapt in thought, while before her on the table lay an open album of photographs. Stealing quietly forward George put his hands over his cousin's face and as he did so he saw that the book before him was opened at his own photograph. Lucy started at the unlooked for interruption and quickly closed the book.

"Why, you're crying, Lucy," exclaimed George, as he felt the tear drops on his fingers.

"You frightened me so," replied Lucy mendaciously as she looked up at him, the sudden blushes mantling her fair cheeks.

"Did I?" George answered, somewhat lamely, as he sat down beside her. Then steadying himself he went on, "I want to tell you a little story, Lucy."

Lucy, woman like, was the first to recover her usual manner.

"Oh, do," she said, "is it a fairy tale?"

"It's about a fairy," replied George, scarcely knowing how to begin.

"That's right, now I'm ready," leaning back in her chair.

"Once upon a time," George commenced, "there was a fairy, a little golden-headed fairy girl, who lived in a big house. Presently another—well, fairy—only this time it was a boy—came to the same house to live, and the two became great friends. When the boy grew up, he went away to school and college and for some time they still continued as good friends as before, but then a something seemed to grow up between them, and they were not the same. The boy had become a man, but the girl still seemed to him a fairy, only bigger, and the love which the boy had for her grew with himself; so one day he determined to know if the fairy girl still felt towards him as she used to do, and he asked her to be his wife."

Lucy's eyes had dropped from her cousin's face, as he went on with his tale, and her hands nervously clasped and unclasped themselves in her lap.

"Lucy, dear, do you recognise the tale? Will you be my wife?" said George, as he leant forward and imprisoned her hands in both of his.

One swift glance from her eyes revealed her answer, and George drew the golden head forward as he sealed their troth upon her trembling lips.

When Sir Everard's consent was sought by George after dinner that evening, he gave it with all his heart.

It was the one thing he wished for, and there was no happier household in all broad England that night than at Heywood Manse. This was nearly a year ago, and it was arranged that as

soon as George obtained his Captaincy they were to be married, and he would retire from the Army. But it fell out otherwise, for with his promotion came the orders to prepare for active foreign service. One of our little Indian wars had just broken out, and the 55th were ordered out to reinforce the troops already making their way to the front.

Of course, now Captain Gray could not resign, and on the day after Henley Regatta he was to join the troopship at Portsmouth to go out with his men.

Sir Everard took Lucy to Portsmouth to see her soldier-lover off to the war.

Captain Gray looked every inch of his six feet the *debonnair* soldier that he was. The dark brown hair, massed in short crisp curls over his well-shaped head, and the clean cut nose, and firm strong chin, promised determination and resource in any undertaking he set his mind on. A well-grown moustache nearly hid the laughing mobile mouth. The athletics and boating of his earlier days had



"THEY SAID THEIR LAST GOOD-BYE"

developed his muscles and expanded his frame, so that he scarcely looked his full height on account of his breadth of shoulder. A brother officer had nicknamed him Baby, but whether in a spirit of contrariness to the amount of his biceps, or in honour of his sunny, happy nature, it is difficult to say, but Baby he was to all his regimental chums.

"Don't look so down, my darling," said George to Lucy, as they stood together in their last farewell. "It's very little fighting we shall see, worse luck; the other fellows will have settled the business before we get near them."

"I hope, indeed, they will," replied Lucy, looking up at her handsome lover with "o'er full eyes." "But I will be brave, and not think of what may never happen."

And so they said their last good-bye, and George kissed his love, and, placing her in her father's care, wrung his uncle's hand as he received their parting God-speed.

### CHAPTER III.

#### LIEUTENANT ROBERT FAIRFAX.

SOME few days after the departure of the 55th Sir Everard informed his daughter that the 15th Light Cavalry were just arrived at Heywood, and as several of the officers were friends of his, he proposed that they should invite them over to the Manse.

"It will liven us up, my dear," said her father, "and we can hear how our men are getting on in India."

The latter part of this artful little speech had the effect desired, and Lucy warmly seconded the idea. So, later in the day, Sir Everard rode over to Heywood and invited his friends to dinner on the following evening.

"The Colonel is coming, my dear," said he to Lucy, when he returned and related the result of his ride; "and his wife also comes with him, and she sent her love to you. Then Captain and Mrs. Vandyke, Major Henrys, and one or two others promised to come over also; so we shall have quite a military party."

"Did you hear any news from India, father?" asked Lucy, when her father had run through his budget.

"Not much; but they seem to think it will be but a small affair, although Colonel Bartlette said it may be some months before the expedition is finished."

Mrs. Bartlette was the first to arrive, with her husband, the Colonel, on the following day.

"We drove over early, my dear," said she to Lucy; "so I could have a little chat with you before the others arrive. The Colonel told me that Captain Gray has gone out with his regiment. No doubt you miss him," said the warm-hearted little lady, patting Lucy's hand; "but it will do him good, a little real soldiering, so you mustn't fret."

The Colonel's wife rattled on from topic to topic, as a bee flits from flower to flower. Her husband's regiment was the pride of her heart, and she knew the record of all the officers, and many of the privates also. Her advice and purse were always ready when occasion needed; needless, therefore, to say that she was loved and respected by the whole regiment, save, perhaps, the few black sheep who feared, if they did not love.

"You remember Robert Fairfax, my dear?" queried Mrs. Bartlette. "He came here once or twice with Captain Gray when they were both at Sandhurst."

"Yes," answered Lucy.

"Well, he's joined 'Ours,' and I don't quite know what to make of him. He's very gentlemanly, and all that, but—but— Well, there's a but, my dear. Was he a great friend of Captain Gray's?"

"I almost forget, Mrs. Bartlette," replied Lucy. "He hasn't visited us

recently, but what I remember of him, I thought he was a very pleasant young fellow; he was scarcely more than a boy then—twenty or so."

"Oh," answered the elder lady, and as Sir Everard and the Colonel then joined them the discussion as to Lieutenant Fairfax terminated.

Most of the party were in the drawing-room before dinner when Major Henrys was announced.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing a mutual friend with me," said the jolly Major as he shook hands with Sir Everard. "Ah, here he is! Lieutenant Fairfax, you do not require my introduction."

"It was Mr. Fairfax when you were last here," said Sir Everard as he welcomed the new comer; "I congratulate you on your success."

Robert Fairfax and George Gray had been good friends during their earlier career at Sandhurst, but circumstances had arisen which had terminated their intimacy.

Fairfax had come to his chum George one day in much perturbation. He had been making love to the pretty daughter of a tradesman, and had carried on his *amour* so ardently that the girl thought—and, as he had half owned to his friend, she was perhaps justified in thinking—he intended to marry her.

The time had arrived when the girl felt she must soon reveal her position to her father, and she had pressed Fairfax to make her an honest woman. But this was far from his intention, and he came to George Gray to help him out of the difficulty.

"Why don't you see her and explain your position yourself?" asked George.

"It's no use; she won't hear me," he answered; "she will not listen to reason, but commences to cry and upbraid me, without paying the least attention to what I say. You know I'm entirely dependent on my father for my allowances, and he would cast me adrift without a shilling if I did such a fool's trick."

"You should have thought of that at first," said George gravely.

"Don't you begin to blackguard me as well, old man," replied Fairfax.

"It won't hurt you to see her and tell her my position; she will, perhaps, understand then that the thing is impossible at present."



"LIEUTENANT FAIRFAX"

So good-natured George promised to see Fanny Hunt on the following day.

He knew the girl slightly from visiting her father's shop, and on the next evening he kept the appointment which Fairfax had made with Fanny. He saw Fanny coming down the lane, and as she came up to him he raised his hat.

"Good evening, Miss Hunt," he said as he stopped.

She started slightly and appeared not to remember him, but as she looked more closely, she recognised her father's customer.

"Good evening, sir," she replied somewhat coldly, preparing to continue her way.

George had thought over the way he should open his difficult mission, but had been unable to settle how to begin.

Her movement to leave him, however, left no time for cogitation, so turning with her he plunged at once into his subject.

"I'm sorry to tell you Mr. Fairfax will be unable to see you to-night; he asked me to come and tell you."

At the mention of her lover's name Fanny stayed her progress. "Why can't he come, sir?" she asked, with a little catch in her breath.

George wished himself well out of the unpleasant task he had undertaken, but it was too late to go back. Looking away from the girl, he began, "Mr. Fairfax has made me his confidant, Miss Hunt, and as he could not come to you himself he desired me to come and inform you that he was going away."

The deserted girl put her hand against the fence to steady herself as she heard the dreadful words.

"Going away," she repeated, looking up at George with great startled eyes.

George Gray felt himself to be the meanest creature under heaven as he saw the effect his words had made. So they stood for some moments, and for the life of him George could think of nothing to say to alleviate the pain and misery the girl was suffering.

"Isn't he going to marry me?" she presently said.



"SO THEY STOOD FOR SOME MOMENTS"



"No," replied George, and then he spoke as gently as he knew how the reasons of her lover's refusal.

After the first shock Fanny heard him out quietly and then, after a few minutes pause, when he had finished, she said "I cannot think now, I must go home, and when I know what I am going to do I will let you know."

George saw her to the end of the lane and gave her his card as they parted, saying, "If you will write me I will see that he has the letter sent to him at once;" and so they parted. On the next evening George received the following letter from Fanny.

"GEORGE GRAY, ESQ.

"Last evening I hardly realised the dreadful news you broke to me. I cannot stay at my father's house much longer now, as I will never bring disgrace on him if I can help it. I shall go away and hide my sorrow as best I may.

"FANNY HUNT."

George sent this note on to Robert Fairfax, who had gone home to his father's house, but it was a month or more later before the two young men met again. Then Fairfax commenced to thank his friend, but George Gray stopped him.

"I require no thanks for my share in the matter," said George with more expression of indignation than Fairfax had ever known him show before. "It's a blackguardly business and I'm sorry I had anything to do with it," and turning away he left Fairfax to himself.

Robert Fairfax pulled at his moustache nervously for a few moments; then, uttering a low laugh that was not good to hear, he muttered to himself: "So ho, my friend, you're riding the high horse, eh! Well, take care you don't cross me, else—" and the sardonic sneer that finished the unspoken sentence was more eloquent than words.

But George Gray, although he revolted at the heartless cruelty and cynicism of Fairfax's treatment of Fanny Hunt, felt constrained to refrain from further interference. He had given his word at first that what Fairfax told him was to remain secret between them. Thus it was that their early friendship was suddenly snapped, leaving behind feelings that hereafter were to bear bitter fruit.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ASSAULT OF THE PASS.

WHEN the 55th arrived at Calcutta they were immediately ordered to the front, and for the first time there appeared a chance of their being in time to take part in active service. Officers and men eagerly looked forward to the prospect of a skirmish or two with the enemy. The small advance force that had been first sent to the front had driven the enemy back into the mountains, but so far had inflicted no serious loss on them.

The turbulent tribesmen had invaded the territory of a friendly Rajah, ravaging and plundering all the country round, and it was necessary not only to drive the enemy back but to punish them for their audacity.

To add to the anxiety of the British authorities it was feared that the Resident who represented the Indian Government at the Rajah's capital, together with his wife and family, might fall into the hands of the enemy.

The Rajah had sent messengers to the Government to say that his capital was surrounded by the enemy, and that unless help arrived soon he feared the worst.

Travelling day and night the 55th soon arrived at the end of their railway journey, and now they had to march the rest of the way, some two hundred miles. Snow-capped mountains and unbridged streams lay between them and their destination, and it was soon apparent that the expedition was likely to be a rough one.

By forced marches they pushed on as rapidly as possible, every day bringing fresh news of outrage and massacre by their fanatical foes. As they advanced into the wilder country they came into touch with marauding bands of the hillsmen, who, taking advantage of the rocky shelter of the district, kept up a continual fire on the advancing troops. Their first serious encounter occurred in forcing the pass over the Shandat range of mountains. Here the enemy had entrenched themselves behind a stone-built fort commanding the pass, and it was necessary to drive them out before the 55th could proceed. Captain Gray was ordered to take a detachment of men and proceed up the valley and gain the heights at the rear of the enemy while the field guns kept them engaged in front. It was a perilous undertaking, but Baby and his men succeeded in the attempt, and by noon the next day the pass was cleared.

The advance of the British troops was a series of engagements of this description. Every rocky defile and rugged pass was made a rallying point by the fierce Afghans, who used their places of hiding to worry their foes until the latter were close on to them, when they melted away like shadows. The incessant fire of the Afghan sharpshooters irritated our men fearfully; but, fortunately, their almost obsolete rifles did little execution.

Descending the opposite side of the pass the British came into a fertile valley of some thirty miles in breadth, bounded by another range of mountains. As they marched across the valley evidence of the enemy's destruction showed itself on every side. Burnt villages, with their massacred inhabitants, met their sight



"COMRADES WASHED AND BOUND EACH OTHER'S WOUNDS."

with sickening frequency. Women, children and old men had all met the same fate, and their bodies lay in heaps round the ashes of their one-time homes.

The guides with the British informed the Colonel commanding that there were two passes over the mountains ahead of them, separated at this side by some ten miles distance, and these two passes joined together on their descent on the other side.

When a halt was made for the mid-day meal the Colonel held a council of war, the outcome of which was that the troops should push on in a body towards the pass that was most commonly used, with the presumed intention of assaulting it on the following day, camping that night in the valley as near to the entrance to the pass as it was prudent to advance. Then, when night arrived, a strong

detachment of men were to make their way round to the second pass, and so over the mountain and back up the first pass and so get the Afghans in the rear.

Captain Gray's company was amongst the troops chosen for the night march, and under the guidance of one of the guides they started off. The men were in high spirits at the chance of coming to close quarters with their ruthless foes, and went along with such a will that they reached the entrance to the pass before midnight. Hitherto their way had been comparatively easy, but the passage up the rugged pass during the pitchy blackness of night was a different matter. However, onward they went stumbling and cursing beneath their breath, as first one and then another stumbled and fell over the rocky way. There were few of them that escaped from bruises and cuts during these hours of darkness, and when, at last, dawn began to lighten the eastern sky they welcomed the short halt that was made to enable them to snatch a hasty meal. Comrades washed and cleaned each other's hurts and bound up the nasty wounds made by the jagged rocks.

Then onward again, and soon after sunrise they had reached the top of their climb.

It had been anticipated that it would take them till noon to come in touch with the rear of the enemy, and as the guide said they could do the remainder of the distance in four or five hours, sentries were posted and scouts sent out whilst the tired men lay down to get a few hours rest.

There were no signs of the enemy during their halt, and refreshed and invigorated by their rest they started off down the pass about seven in the morning. Every now and then they obtained glimpses of the valley beneath them, and after four or five miles of their downward march the guide came back to inform the officer commanding that the place where the two passes met was barely half-a-mile further on and no signs of the enemy.

When the troop reached the junction of the passes a halt was called, belts were tightened and rifles and ammunition examined.

As they marched deeper and deeper up the pass, the frowning walls of rock on either side grew higher and higher; the men chuckled grimly to themselves as they saw the impossibility of the foe escaping them up their almost precipitous sides. As they proceeded, the path narrowed till only six abreast were able to keep the line.

The scouts, ahead some seven or eight hundred yards, still made no sign of the enemy being in sight, and the grim smiles of delight grew more apparent yet in the dust-stained visages of the veteran Tommy Atkinsons as they thought of the skirmish that now was inevitable. Little now they recked of the arduous march of the preceding night and the black and bloody bruises that had left mementoes of their tramp upon their shins. The enemy was in front, and couldn't get away, that was enough, and the thought banished the hardships of their long tramp.

Presently two of the scouts were seen returning, and they knew the time was drawing near. They had passed back again over the top of the pass, and were descending gently. The road had broadened out again, and the rocky sides were less high, but were still almost unclimbable. Then on the wings of the wind was borne to them the welcome sound of firing, and the order was given to march on again.

Another quarter of an hour's tramp and the pass suddenly turned, the rocky wall on their right gently broke away, revealing a precipice at its termination deepening down into hundreds of feet.

The road of the pass lay alongside this gulf, with the precipitous walls of the mountain on the other side. Down the pass could be seen the stockade of rock and stone behind which the Afghans were firing at the British, who were shelling the Afghans just out of reach of the latter's fire. As soon as Captain Gray and his men became visible to their comrades below the order for the assault was given, and the cheer of the men was faintly borne towards those in the pass, who replied with a counter yell as they also received the order to charge.

The foe had only just recognised that they were cornered at last, and before they knew what had happened they found themselves between two walls of steel. The conflict was short, but the wild hillsmen fought like demons, and made a most desperate resistance; but the bayonets of the British were not to be resisted, and but few of them got away from that death-trap. A score or so early in the fight tried to scale the rocky precipice, but the majority were picked off one by one, and it was afterwards ascertained that barely half-a-dozen got away with a whole skin. The British had not got off scatheless, for when the muster was made it was found



"REELING FROM A SWORD CUT

that twenty brave fellows had met a soldier's death, whilst double that number were more or less wounded. A few were missing, and amongst them was Baby, and it was concluded that these had fallen over the defile, and search parties were sent down by the valley to seek for them.

When they returned they brought back the dead bodies of five men, but Captain Gray was nowhere to be found. One of the privates said that he saw his Captain reeling from a sword cut, and that he bayoneted the Afghan immediately after, but he did not see if Captain Gray fell, as he was carried forward in the rush.

Another search party was organised, but returned without any news of the missing officer.

The only surmise that found belief was that he had fallen over the precipice, and into one of the many defiles which yawned black and deep beneath.

His death cast a gloom over all the regiment, for his sunny nature had endeared him to all, and it was with sorrow that they gave up the search for his body when, some hours later, the march was resumed.

## CHAPTER V.

### BAFFLED LOVE.

GEORGE GRAY was not, however, dead. His helmet had saved his life; the sword of the Afghan had cleaved it in twain, and then cut into his head with such force that he fell unconscious over the pass. His body had rolled into the dark cleft of one of the ravines, and here he was found on the following day when some of the Afghans returned to look for their fellows.

Still senseless from the wound on his head, he was borne away into one of their mountain camps, and brain fever supervening, it was several weeks before he came to himself.

His captors treated him with some kindness, but guarded him so closely that there was no chance of escape; indeed, had he endeavoured to get away it would have been madness, for his weakness was so extreme that for many months he could scarcely crawl from the grass mats that formed his bed.

Meanwhile Baby had been reported home to head-quarters as killed in the engagement.

When Lucy Haversham heard that her affianced husband had met his death in the far off mountains of Afghanistan, she was nearly heart-broken. Her love had so grown with her life that for many months she refused to be comforted, and her father watched with anxious eyes the bloom of health fade from his darling's cheeks.

From the bright, joyous girl she changed into a sad, wistful-eyed woman, and it was not till Father Time had softened the grief of her loss into sad resignation that she awoke to the fact that her grief was reflecting itself on her father's anxious brow.

Then they left the Manse and toured through Europe, and Lucy lost the bitterness of her sorrow in watching over her dear father.

When they returned home again, eighteen months had elapsed since the morning when the first news had reached them of the death of George Gray, and by degrees their home life resumed its accustomed round.

One of the earliest visitors to welcome them back was Robert Fairfax, who was again stationed at Heywood. As an old friend of George's his visits were received with pleasure by both Sir Everard and his daughter.

Lucy's father was now getting an old man, and he desired greatly to see his darling child married before he died. He was far too wise to even hint at such a thing to Lucy, but he watched with pleasure the intimacy which had apparently sprung up between the two.

Robert Fairfax was descended from a good old family, and in manner and appearance seemed not unworthy of the alliance Sir Everard would willingly have sanctioned. But beneath the polish of a gentleman there lay hid the same callous, selfish heart which had wrecked the life of Fanny Hunt.

With calculating wisdom he had refrained so far from giving Lucy the slightest clue to his ulterior designs, and he thought she appreciated his company now for himself alone. He determined at the first favourable opportunity to bring matters to an issue, and one bright, sunny morning, when all the world was breathing love, his chance came. He and Lucy were strolling round the gardens, when they drew near to a rustic seat nestling amidst a clump of May bushes.



"Shall we rest here for awhile?" said Lucy, unconscious of the trouble she was bringing on herself.

Here was his opportunity, and as soon as they were seated Robert Fairfax commenced his wooing.

"Miss Haversham," he began, "I have waited patiently, more patiently than I ever thought was within me, for the present moment. We have been friends for years, and although you had won my esteem and admiration the first time I saw you, yet then I was debarred from showing any stronger passion. Now you are free, and I can avow my love for you. Lucy, if you will give me the right to win your affection, I shall be the happiest fellow on earth."

It was a well deliberated confession, and spoken in a manly, straightforward manner. He knew the difficulties he had to encounter, and said not a word too much to offend, or a word too little to confuse his meaning. But in his heart he did not love this girl whom he had just asked to be his wife, and his words lacked the warmth of honest affection. It was her expectations as her father's only child he was wooing, not she herself.

Lucy glanced into his face when she heard his first words, but no blush of

delight came into her cheeks. Calm and placid, to all outward appearance, she heard him to the end, then turning towards him, she said quietly and without emotion:—

"I am very sorry this should have happened, Mr. Fairfax. I have looked upon you always as a friend, a dear friend perhaps, but nothing more. I hope that so we may continue, and that you will forget what you have just said as I shall. I shall never marry." Then rising, she continued: "Now I will go indoors and see how my father is," and so saying she left him.

While Lucy walked up the lawn, Robert Fairfax remained looking after her. The baffled look of defeated desire which sprang up into his eyes would have marked him for a man to be avoided could it have been observed. But not a word escaped him save a muffled oath, which expressed a most malignant feeling in its intensity.

When Lucy entered the house Lieutenant Fairfax leisurely rose from the garden-seat and sauntered away through the grounds



"SHALL WE REST HERE?" SAID LUCY.

out into the road to Heywood. Then his steps quickened with his thoughts. "So she's still wrapped up in that damned fellow Gray," he muttered. "Well, I'll settle that anyhow, even if by so doing it knocks me out of the running. It will be something to see her shrink and cower when I show my hand."

His evil thoughts evidently pleased him greatly, for he stepped out more jauntily and soon covered the few miles that lay between the Manse and his quarters.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ROBERT FAIRFAX SPINS HIS WEB.

IT was several days after his refusal before Robert Fairfax again visited the Manse. He had not been unoccupied meantime, for with hints and innuendoes he had got the report spread about that he and Miss Haversham were engaged. He had so manoeuvred that no one knew exactly how the rumour originated. It grew and flourished as it passed from mouth to mouth. When it came to Mrs. Bartlette's ears, that good lady was so sceptical that she determined to drive over to the Manse at the first opportunity. But it was some days before she was able to do so. Meantime Robert Fairfax had gone there to carry out his diabolical designs. When he arrived he asked for Sir Everard, and as Lucy was in the grounds he saw the Baronet alone. This was just what he wished, and after enquiring after the health of Sir Everard and Lucy, he opened at once on the reason of his visit. In a quiet tone he told the Baronet that he loved his daughter, and that a few days ago he had declared his affection to her.

"I know that I should have asked your permission first, s'r," he went on, hypocritically, "but I flattered myself that, with your knowledge of the world, you probably read my motives for so frequently visiting your house. However, Miss Haversham declined my proposals, saying she should never marry."

"I am sorry for it, Fairfax, very sorry, as I should feel happier could I know my dear girl had got over the past," replied the old man.

"That's just it," answered Robert. "I would not speak harm of the dead were it not for an all-sufficient reason. I do not speak entirely selfishly either, as, if my affections are not returned by your daughter, there is no reason why she should bury her heart with a past memory. For this reason, and this alone, I brought you this letter, which you may show Miss Haversham if you deem it right to do so."

As he finished speaking, the foul-hearted villain produced the note which Fanny Hunt had written to George Gray. When Sir Everard read the few lines through, he said:—

"Who was this girl Fanny?"

"She was a shop-girl at Sandhurst."

"Why did he give you this note, Fairfax?"

"Well, it's a long story, sir, and naturally a painful one. When he got the girl into trouble he did not know how to get rid of her, so he asked me to see her while he went away, and, as we were old chums, I did so, and this was her last letter to him."

Without a shade of hesitation or remorse did Robert Fairfax weave this tissue of falsehood round the memory of the man who had helped him in his need.

"I never dreamt for a moment that George had any trouble of this sort," replied the Baronet. "He was always so bright and cheerful, and, as I thought, the very mirror of honour."

"You must not think hardly of him, now, Sir Everard," remarked Fairfax. "We most of us make a slip once in our lives, and I should never have told you what I have, or shown you that letter, but for the pity I feel for your daughter wasting her life in mourning for one man when she might choose from a dozen others."

"Yes, I quite appreciate your motive, my boy," returned Lucy's father, "and I will think the matter over and decide whether I shall let Lucy see this letter, and then if I wish to show it to her you can let me have it again."

"Certainly, sir," replied Fairfax, as he rose to go. "I will come over to-morrow in case you require it."

When Robert Fairfax had departed the Baronet sat long, buried in thought. He felt it would be a sorry awakening for Lucy if he told her what he had just heard, but then, better that she should know her dead lover's fault and, perhaps, let his memory fade away. Then she would take more interest in those around her. So he decided to tell her. They were sitting together alone in the drawing-room after dinner, Lucy and her father, when the latter broached the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Lucy, my child, come here; I want to tell you something," beckoning to a seat beside him. Then he went on to tell her all that Robert Fairfax had told him, withholding only the name of his informant.

Lucy's pale cheeks flushed as she listened, and when her father had finished she replied with flashing eyes and vehement utterance that she did not believe it.

"Who says this thing of George?" she asked.

"His friend, Robert Fairfax, my dear. He showed me the girl's letter to George."

"I'll never believe it, father, never. Mr. Fairfax was no friend of George's. George scarcely noticed him before he went away."

"But there is the letter, Lucy," replied her father. "It speaks for itself."

"I don't care, father dear. I'm sure George would never have done such a dastardly action," answered Lucy, with steadfast faith in her lover's honour, and then her woman's nature asserted itself and the tears overflowed her burning eyes.

Next day when Robert Fairfax called he was shown into the Baronet's study, and in a few minutes Sir Everard entered with Lucy on his arm.

"My daughter desires to see the letter you have," said the Baronet, in answer to the younger man's look of enquiry.

Without a word Fairfax produced Fanny Hunt's letter from his pocket, and handed it to Lucy's father.

Sir Everard unfolded the note and held it up, so that Lucy could read it. As she perused it every word seemed to burn itself into her throbbing brain. For a



"I'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT, FATHER, NEVER."

few moments a dim mist hid all about her from her vision, and she clung to her father's arm for support. Then, recovering herself, she turned to Robert Fairfax, and said:—

"Where is this girl now? Can I see her?"

"That is the last I have heard of her," he replied, pointing to the letter.

"Can you, or will you, find her, and bring me to her, or her to me? Then, when I hear from her own lips that this is true, I may believe it; but not till then."

For reply Fairfax shrugged his shoulders; then, after a few moments' pause, he answered:—

"I will try and find her," and, bowing to them both, he left the room.

When he was safely hid from the house an evil smile played over his face, as he chuckled to himself over the success of his scheme.

"It hit you pretty hard," he muttered to himself, "my proud beauty, I thought it would, although you tried to carry it off so' high and mighty. You won't be so proud of your George now, I'll warrant. It will rankle and rankle like a cancer. You want to see Fanny, do you? Not if I know it. But——" And then his scheming, plotting brain began to spin another web in the net he had set himself to make.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CAPTAIN GRAY'S RIDE FOR LIFE.

WHEN George Gray was sufficiently recovered to walk about, he found that the Afghans' village was indeed a prison. It was built on a small plateau hidden away amidst the frowning mountains. For many months no strangers visited the bleak, drear spot, save an occasional native from some neighbouring village. During his illness and convalescence he had acquired sufficient knowledge of their language to converse with his captors, and they had given him to understand that he was held as hostage until the return of the eldest son of the chief of the tribe, who had been captured by the British.

It was now over twelve months since the fight in the pass, and the war had been concluded some two or three months ago. Captain Gray was allowed to roam about the neighbourhood pretty well as he listed, but he was always accompanied by an armed Afghan. He was cautioned when this liberty was granted to him that any attempt to escape would mean instant death. And he read in the fierce glance of his gaoler that this threat would be carried out, should he ever make the attempt.

When eighteen months had come and gone, and there was still no appearance of the young chief, Baby's case grew daily more desperate.

The fierce glances of the men, and the averted heads of the women, showed him more plainly than speech that his life was in direst jeopardy. As the chief's son had not arrived by now, Baby felt that he would never come; it was more than probable that he was dead; anyhow, every day that passed brought the inevitable end to his career on earth more near.

The only being from whom he could draw any information was the man who had nursed him through his illness, and who still waited on him.

That night, when this man brought him his supper, George asked him if there was any news of the chief's son yet.

"None," answered the fellow, "and the Khan is getting every day more angry. He says he will wait till the new moon, and then——"

"Well, Rama, and then——" queried George as the other stopped.

"Then Mahomet have mercy on you."

It wanted ten days to the new moon, and Baby determined to have a try for his life, even if he lost it in so doing.

After a few days' observation and planning, he had thought out his procedure.

He knew the country for miles round, so that the first part of his journey would be easy if he could get a clear start. The nights were getting darker as the moon waned, and he determined to make his effort a few nights before the new moon, as in his present morose temper the Khan was not to be trusted a day longer than possible.

The band owned some dozens of mountain ponies, which were kept in a hedged in enclosure a few hundred yards from the village, and George determined to wait till all was quiet in the darkest hours of the night and then cut his way through the rear of his hut, steal round to the pony stable and secure the best he could lay his hands on.

Civilisation lay to the south, and with no other guide than the Heavens by night and the sun by day he would have to find his way as best he could.

For provisions he stowed away all the rice cakes and meal bread he could save from his meals, and keeping up his usual daily routine of life he patiently waited for the eventful night to come.

The lowering looks of the natives appeared to Baby to grow more bloodthirsty as the days slipped by, and he was heartily glad when at last the night arrived when he was to make his effort at escape.

A guard stood at the entrance of his hut every night, so it behoved him to proceed cautiously. For over two hours he worked at breaking a hole through the rear of his hut; he had only a sharpened stake and his bare hands to help him. The sweat of anxiety and exertion stood up in heavy beads on his forehead as he toiled on and on. Pausing every few minutes to listen for any signs of his being discovered, with every sense alert and strained to the utmost intensity, the minutes seemed like hours.

At last his stake, passing through the mud built wall, brought fresh hope. With increased caution he rapidly enlarged the aperture and, peeping through, saw that the night was pitchy dark and most favourable to his design.

Collecting his food into an end of the turban which had given place to his battered helmet, he secured the parcel round his waist, then pushing his friendly stake through the hole he wriggled after it. Crouching silently for a few moments to make sure that no one was about, he slowly raised himself and advanced on tiptoe to the corner of the hut to see which side the guard was stationed. The blackness of the night was so intense that he had almost to keep his touch against the wall of the hut to find his way. As he came to the corner he peeped round and almost thrust his face into the countenance of the Afghan guard, who was quietly strolling towards him. Without an instant's hesitation Baby's left arm shot out like lightning, and catching the fellow fairly between the eyes he dropped like a log.

Pouncing on him, Captain Gray gagged and pinioned his captive with his own turban, and then he crawled back through his hole and hauled the still senseless man after him.

Taking off his cartridge pouch and his tulwar (native sword), he tore his blanket into strips and tied him firmly to the posts of the hut.

Picking up the fellow's rifle, which lay where he had fallen, he cautiously crawled round the intervening huts towards the ponies.

Baby always asserted that his guard was either walking in his sleep, or with his eyes closed, as he never flinched when George looked into his face, nor gave the slightest indication that he saw him.

The fates were so far with him, as now he was fairly armed. The rifle was an old Martini, but serviceable enough in his hands, and his late guard would have to lie still till he was released in the morning. This would give him four or five hours good start, and he hoped ere then to be out of sight.

As he was pretty safe from being missed till daylight, he determined to take a couple of ponies, and, by riding them alternately, make better pace.

It was too dark to exercise much discretion in his choice, so securing the two



first that he could catch, he bridled them with the rough hide thongs that were hung in the hut close by, where such necessities were stowed, and then, as gently as he knew how, he led them down the pass that led to India—and freedom.

As the night wore on the dying moon came up, and every now and then her feeble rays fell through the drifting clouds.

Captain Gray now welcomed her dim light, as the tedious pathway through the rocky defiles stayed his progress sorely. His ponies placidly followed him, stumbling and sliding over the rocky way until, nearly two hours from the start, he debouched at last into the valley. Mounting one of his ponies, he turned his face due south, and started off at a smart trot straight across the valley. This valley he knew was about forty miles broad, and he felt that if he could reach the other side before day broke he should be pretty safe amongst the opposite mountains.

George Gray would remember that ride, he afterwards said, to the day of his death. Bare-backed he rode, first one pony and then the other, at a hard gallop the whole night through; the heavily banked clouds almost totally obscured the heavens, and the earth lay wrapped in funeral blackness. Once the pony he rode stumbled in a dry water-course, and threw him, but no damage was done, and he was soon up and on again for dear life.

There was no possibility of reckoning how far he had come, or the distance still to be covered. The silver edges on some of the clouds showed where the moon lay hid, and was just sufficient to guide his way.

Stiff with his unaccustomed exercise, parched with intolerable thirst, he rode on and ever on, trusting entirely to his surefooted pony to pick his way.

Presently the obscurity of the pitchy darkness seemed to yield a little to his gaze and, turning to the east, he saw the first faint gleam of dawn. Anxiously, almost despairingly, he looked ahead for signs of the mountain range he was trying to reach, and as the light strengthened he saw their dim outline some three or four miles ahead.

Baby was not afraid of his late captors seeing him at this distance, but he feared lest some roving band of Afghans observed him; once among the rugged mountains there was less chance of meeting these fierce tribesmen, so he pushed on at the topmost of his pony's speed. Reaching the base of the mountain at last, he drew rein just as the first rays of the rising sun



"HE PUSHED ON AT THE TOPMOST OF HIS PONY'S SPEED"

glinted the clouds overhead. Glancing anxiously around the plain he has just crossed he could discover no trace of any living thing, so hobbling his ponies he lay down for a brief, well-earned rest.

After a short couple of hours repose he resumed his journey. Cautiously skirting the mountain's base he searched eagerly for any evidence of a pass whereby he could cross. His thirst was now getting well-nigh unbearable, and his little steeds were also in sore need of a drink. Peering about as he slowly made his way between the broken boulders that skirted the mountains, at length he came to a narrow pathway that showed traces of use. Zigzagging up this footpath, for it was scarcely more, he presently heard on one side the thrice blessed splash of water. The intelligent animals which he was leading whinnied with joy at the welcome sound, and soon man and beasts were quenching their thirst at a tiny rivulet which jumped from rock to rock in glistening cascades.

From his present position Baby had an uninterrupted view of the vale beneath and the opposite mountains. Ere now he knew his escape must have been discovered, and his eyes rested long and searchingly over the way he had come to see if his enemies had guessed the way he had gone.

As far as his vision could reach, however, there was no trace of them, so after another short rest he again continued his climb.

The sun was high in the Heavens before he reached the top, and worn out with fatigue and want of sleep he felt he could go little further without rest. So when he reached a little defile that branched off from his downward path he turned into it, and proceeding a few hundred yards came on a small grassy dell, at the foot of which a pool of clear water had accumulated; here he tethered his ponies and, making a meal off some of his rice cakes, lay down, dead beat, to sleep.

When he awoke it was late on in the afternoon, he reckoned somewhere between four and five. Taking a good drink at the friendly pool he returned to the path, trusting to get out of the pass ere sundown, as he wished to see what direction he should take before darkness fell. Although narrow the way was easier than on the opposite slope, and in a couple of hours he was nearly at the bottom; then suddenly the walls of rock fell away on either side, and before him he saw a green, undulating prairie. Far away to the south the white walls and gilded minarets of a town of some size were just discernable. What was its name or its inhabitants Baby hadn't the slightest idea, and cared little. There were sure to be some Europeans there, and he could not go on for ever without food or drink. So he mounted his pony and rode straight for the town. It was getting dusk as he neared the walls, and he drew up as he passed a native who was going the same way as himself. From him he learnt that the city was Jelalabad, and then he knew his troubles were over.

After a few days' rest at the house of the British Resident he joined a caravan of traders bound to Lahore, whence he went on by train to Calcutta and reported himself at head-quarters. His regiment he found had returned home, and he had long been given up as dead. His first visit was to the steamship office, and he was just in time to secure a passage in a boat leaving on the following day. At first he thought of telegraphing home to Sir Everard Haversham that he was alive and well, but he finally decided not to do so, but to go home unannounced.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### "YOUR SINS SHALL FIND YOU OUT"

It was a few days after Robert Fairfax's last visit to the Manse before Mrs. Bartlette was able to call on Lucy to ascertain if the rumour concerning her engagement was false or true.

The dear little lady was much perturbed on the matter. She disliked Fairfax

without quite knowing why. Her woman's instinct warned her that he was not a good man, so she jumped at once at the subject uppermost in her mind as soon as the door closed on her entry to Lucy's boudoir.

"You're not looking at all well, my dear girl," she began, as she kissed Lucy with much warmth. "Is anything wrong?"

"No, dear," answered Lucy, "only I have been rather upset at some false news."

"Ah, you've heard about it then?" said the Colonel's wife.

"Have you heard it, too?" asked Lucy, gazing at her friend in dismay.

"Heard about it, my dear; why it's the talk of the town. How could you listen to him? I hoped and trusted it wasn't true."

"I'm sure it isn't true," replied Lucy.

"I'll never believe it; never."

"What is the girl talking about?" remarked Mrs. Bartlette with unfeigned astonishment.

"Why, about George Gray."

"George Gray! Are you insane, my dear, or am I?" asked poor Mrs. Bartlette in a perplexed tone.

Lucy stared at her friend, totally unable to make out her meaning. Then Mrs. Bartlette started afresh.

"Are you engaged to Robert Fairfax, my dear?"

"Engaged to Mr. Fairfax," answered Lucy, flushing at the question. "No, of course not. What made you ask such a thing?"

"Ah!" replied the Colonel's wife, with an air of relief as she leant back in her chair, "we're at cross purposes my dear. Now tell me about Captain Gray."

"Why, you said you knew," replied Lucy, wondering indeed whether she was in her right mind.

Then she went on and told her friend all that Robert Fairfax had said.

"Don't credit it my child, not a word of it," said the elder woman indignantly.

"I don't; I told you I didn't," Lucy answered. "But what made you ask me if I was engaged to Mr. Fairfax?"

"Well, dear, that's really the reason I came over to see you; everybody's talking about it in Heywood, but I knew it wasn't true."

Then Lucy related how Robert Fairfax had asked her to be his wife and she had refused.

"I see it all now, my dear girl; that scamp Fairfax has set the rumour about in the hope of compromising you. And he's hatched this *canard* up about Captain Gray for his own purpose. With your authority, my dear, I will deny this engage-



"WHAT IS THE GIRL TALKING ABOUT?"

ment rumour at my next 'at home;' that will settle that. And as to the other affair, don't think of it any more, my love; it's a false, cowardly invention," and kissing Lucy with motherly affection the Colonel's wife departed.

But Lucy could not throw off her thoughts so easily as she had been advised. The accusation against her dead lover rankled deep down in her bosom, as the dastard Fairfax meant it should.

Meantime Robert Fairfax had been busy tasking his fertile brain how he should drive the barbed shaft of his malice deeper home. To carry out the plan he had formed he had gone to London. There he sought out a young woman, one of his several acquaintances, and bribed her to represent the lost Fanny Hunt. He showed her the real Fanny's letter and stood over her while she practised to imitate the handwriting. Then he inserted an advertisement in the agony column of the *Daily Leader* addressed to Fanny H—, desiring her to communicate with Robert F— at the Post Office, Heywood, and arranged with the false Fanny that she should reply to the advertisement in two or three days' time. His plot being now completed he returned to Heywood, and in due time he received his confederate's letter.

With this in his pocket, together with the cutting of the advertisement, he went over to the Manse and showed them to Sir Everard. Lucy's father had not doubted the genuineness of the original letter signed by the unfortunate Fanny. He had seen too much of the world to place implicit confidence on the actions of a young man; but he felt keen grief at the supposititious proof of George Gray's wrong-doing, as he presumed he now had.

Leaving his visitor for a few moments, he sought Lucy in the dining-room. With little introduction he informed his daughter of what had happened, and then handing her the girl's letter he said:—

"I'm afraid we cannot help believing now that George did wrong."

Lucy read the note through and then looking up at her father said, quietly:—

"I should like to see Miss Hunt, father; will you try and get her to come here?"

"Why cause yourself unnecessary pain, dear?" replied Sir Everard. "There is nothing further to be gained by seeing her."

"You must humour me, father, dear, I cannot explain my reasons to you, for I do not know them my own self; only when I hear from this girl's own lips the truth or falseness of this letter shall I be satisfied."

"Very well, Lucy," replied her father with a sigh, "I will try and arrange as you wish."

When the Baronet returned to Robert Fairfax with his daughter's request, the latter promised to go at once to London and persuade Fanny Hunt to visit the Manse and so set Lucy's mind at rest. He arranged to telegraph on the morrow from town when he and Fanny would arrive at the Manse and with many specious expressions of sympathy the treacherous villain took himself off.

Nemesis was, however, closer at hand than he recked of, for that same evening Captain Gray landed at Southampton from the P. and O. steamer.

Heywood was only thirty miles distant from the port of his arrival, and as all his luggage was a large portmanteau he determined to go on at once. When he had taken his ticket at the railway station and secured his seat, he strolled into the buffet to get a whiskey and soda.

As he gave his order he glanced at the girl who had come up to ask him what he required; she stood supporting herself against the counter, her face blanched and her eyes staring with amazement. For a few moments they stood thus; then memory recalled itself, and George, lifting his hat courteously, exclaimed: "Why it's Miss Hunt."

"I thought you were dead, sir," she answered, the colour beginning to return to her cheeks. "I was so grieved when the papers reported your loss."

"It's kind of you to say so," replied George, "and I'm very pleased to see you looking so well, but I'm afraid I rather scared you just now."

Thus Fanny Hunt was the first to welcome George back home. During his hour's ride to Heywood, Baby ran over several plans whereby he might find out what was doing at the Manse, and the first question he asked as he jumped out on the platform was what regiment was then quartered there. On hearing that it was Colonel Bartlette's he felt his difficulties vanish.

"Mrs. Bartlette will know how Lucy is," he muttered to himself, as he jumped into a fly and ordered the jehu to drive to the Colonel's quarters.

The man-servant who answered his summons said the Colonel was in, and then stood open-mouthed, staring at Baby.

"Well Tim, do you think I'm a ghost?"

"Blessed Mary, but it's the Captain sure. And you ain't dead sor afther all."

"Hush Tim, not so loud," warned George. "Run up to the Colonel and say a friend wants to see him, and when he comes out by himself tell him who it is;" and Baby walked into the waiting-room and sat down.

In a few minutes he heard Tim and Colonel Bartlette approaching, and he stood up with the light full on his face.

"My dear boy, how are you?" said the hearty old fellow, wringing George's hand. "I need not say how glad I am to see you."

George returned the greeting, and then recounted shortly what had happened to him.

"I'll run up and break the news to my wife; come up when I call."

When Baby answered his friend's shout and entered the room he walked straight into Mrs. Bartlette's arms. The little woman pulled him down to her and kissed him, and drawing him to a seat beside her listened while he related his story. The Colonel had told him downstairs that Lucy and her father were well. When he had finished his tale Mrs. Bartlette sat silent for a few moments; she was debating in her mind how she should tell him about Fanny Hunt.

Lucy had driven over that afternoon to inform her friend about the advertisement and the expected visit of Fanny on the following day.

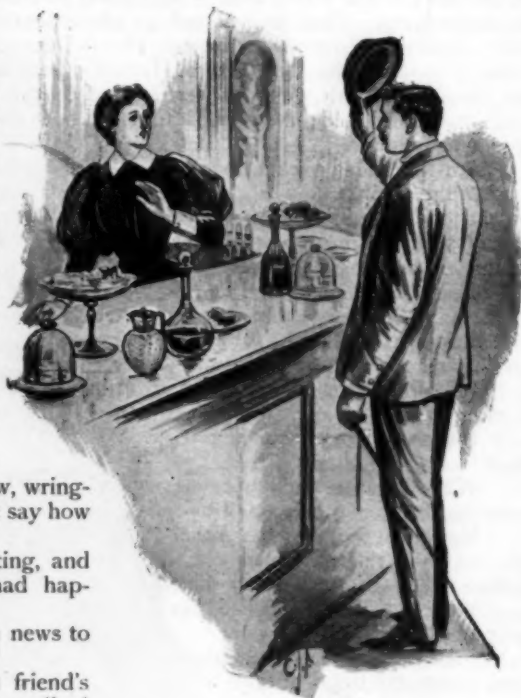
Mrs. Bartlette thought the straight course was the best, so she told Baby all she had heard from Lucy. Captain Gray heard her to the end so quietly that she felt half afraid Robert Fairfax's story was true.

When she finished Baby said, "Does Lucy believe this of me?"

"No, she does not," replied the Colonel's wife.

"God bless her," answered Baby.

"It isn't true, then?" queried Mrs. Bartlette.



"WHY, IT'S MISS HUNT!"



"True! It's the falsest lie that was ever uttered," exclaimed George, his eyes flashing with wrath. "Thank God I've just arrived in time to expose that cur."

And then he told the Colonel and his wife the true history of Robert Fairfax and Fanny Hunt, including his strange meeting with the latter at Southampton.

It was late that night before Mrs. Bartlette retired to rest and they had arranged their plans for Mr. Fairfax's discomfiture. Mrs. Bartlette and George were to drive over to the Manse early the next morning, and George was to leave the carriage outside the grounds while his friend went in and broke the news of his safety to Lucy and her father. Meantime the Colonel was to go to Southampton and get Fanny to return with him to the Manse.

Let us draw a veil over the reunion of Lucy and George Gray. To Lucy the return of her lover was like the resurrection of one long since dead. Gently as Mrs. Bartlette broke the news to her it seemed at first to deaden her senses; she did not faint, but simply lay back in her chair as one bereft of life, then she burst into a flood of tears and they brought him to her and left them together.

Half-an-hour or so later Captain Gray led Lucy into the room where Sir Everard and Mrs. Bartlette were entertaining each other, and once more Baby had to recount his life and escape. Whilst he was relating his adventures a servant entered with a telegram. Sir Everard opened the envelope and glancing at the message read it out.

"We shall arrive at the Manse about two.—Fairfax."

"And receive a pretty warm reception," added the Baronet, grimly.

Colonel Bartlette was expected with Fanny soon after one o'clock, and in due course he arrived. Mrs. Bartlette took charge of Fanny and soon put her at her ease. The kind-hearted little woman soon ascertained that Fanny Hunt had got over her infatuation for Robert Fairfax. Her baby had died at its birth and she had become reconciled to her father, but preferred to earn her own living away from home.

It was barely two o'clock when Robert Fairfax and his confederate drove up to the Manse, and were shown into the Baronet's study, where they found Sir Everard, and Colonel and Mrs. Bartlette.

"You received my telegram, Sir Everard?" asked Fairfax, as he held out his hand, which the Baronet failed to notice. Sir Everard bowed an affirmative, adding, "You may speak quite plainly before the Colonel and Mrs. Bartlette, as I have informed them of what has taken place."

"Very well," replied Robert Fairfax with an assumed nonchalance, for he felt somehow that things were not going well. "This is Miss Hunt," he went on, introducing his companion, "and she has promised to answer any questions you wish to put to her."

Again Sir Everard bowed, and then he asked Robert Fairfax for the note written by Fanny Hunt.

"Did you write this letter to Mr. Gray," he asked the woman who stood before him, placing the note on the table in front of her.

"Yes sir," she answered.

"What was Mr. Gray to you?" was the next question.

"We were sweethearts."

"Thank you," said the Baronet; then he went on, "may I trouble you to come with me for a moment?" and the woman followed him into the next room, where Lucy and Baby were conversing with Fanny Hunt. "Do you know that gentleman?" asked Sir Everard pointing at George. "Look carefully."

"No sir," she answered.

"Are you sure?"

"Certain, sir."

"Thank you, now we will return."



"GEORGE GRAY!" HE EXCLAIMED

When they re-entered the study, Sir Everard struck a hand-bell sharply, which lay on his table, and as the door opened, he said—"Mr. Fairfax, do you know that gentleman?"

Robert Fairfax turned towards the door—"Good God, George Gray!" he exclaimed, clutching the back of a chair for support; again the bell rang, and another figure appeared. "Fanny," muttered the unhappy man in a voice that sounded half-choked, then seizing his accomplice by the arm, he hoarsely bade her follow him, and rushed from the house, never to darken its threshold again.

## *Somaliland at the Crystal Palace.*

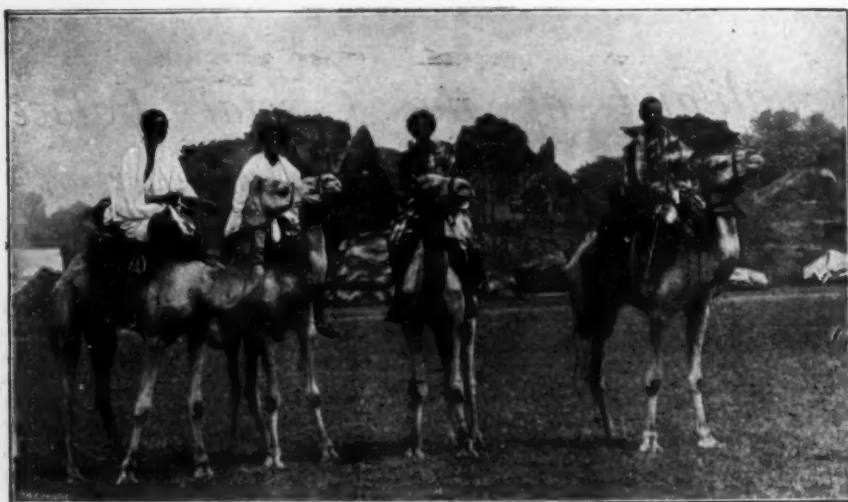
*With Photographs specially taken by kind permission of Negretti & Zambra.*

**T**HAT vast tract of desert and dense forests which we have known for many years as the Dark Continent has, during the present generation, been so prospected and mapped out that it can now scarcely lay claim to its original appellation. Livingstone, Stanley, Selous and a host of others have traversed and hunted through immense portions of Central Africa, unearthing the mysteries of its great interior and opening up this new world for the benefit of mankind in general. The popular attention thus centred on Africa and its inhabitants was no doubt the chief inducement which led the management of the Crystal Palace to arrange for the importation of a tribe of indigenous African race to that popular place of amusement.

The Somalis now installed at the Crystal Palace are a fairly good-looking and well-built race, not at all like the usual run of African known to Europeans as the



A GROUP OF SOMALI NATIVES AND CHILDREN



RACING DROMEDARIES

negro. There is much variety of countenance in these Somalis, and inter-marriage with neighbouring Arab tribes has imparted to them many of the distinctive features of that race. The negro characteristics of broad flat noses, thick protruding lips and woolly hair are almost entirely absent, being replaced by generally well formed aquiline noses and pleasant features. In build they are slim and wiry and capable of enduring great fatigue. The colour of the skin varies, even in the same family, from reddish brown to almost black, whilst the peculiar modes in which they dress their hair adds variety to each individual. Some wear the hair long, frizzed or straight, curled or crimped, thrown back from the forehead or sticking out all round the head like an inverted mop. Others cut it close to the head, and one man so dressed looked exceedingly pleasant and intelligent. A striking effect is produced by some of those with long hair, by reason of their dyeing it with a peculiar reddish earth which imparts a chestnut auburn tinge to the lower part of their hair, the shade deepening towards the top of the head to raven black.

The men are distinctly handsomer than the women, although the young girls are reported to be more favoured with pleasing looks, which, however, soon depart if the ladies we saw are a fair representative of the tribe.

This tribe of Somalis is under the supervision of Herr Carl Hagenbeck, the well-known animal importer of Hamburg, and Herr Joseph Menges. This latter gentleman knows Somaliland and its inhabitants probably better than he does London, for he has visited that country almost annually for the past twelve or fifteen years in search of the many wild animals that abound in that far off land.

Mr. Menges, of course, speaks Somali and is evidently on good terms with his visitors, for they obeyed his words with every sign of intelligence and goodwill. To Herr Menges the credit is chiefly due for this very interesting exhibition, for it was he who after much persuasion induced these children of the desert to accompany him to England. The Troupe consists of fifty-three men, six women, and six children. These latter are fat little rascals of four or five years of age, with comical looking, half-shaved heads, and no appearance of shyness or fear in their composition. Besides the Somalis there is a large collection of wild and tame animals which will be referred to more fully later on.

The New Woman has evidently arrived in Somaliland before her sister has

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quite secured her position in this country, for there she has the privilege of doing all the work of the house and the land and supporting the family, the men confining their duties to war and hunting. But if rumour speaks truly the ladies would prefer it to be otherwise, and perhaps when they return home they will endeavour to induce their menkind to reverse this order of things.

The religion of Somaliland is strictly Mohammedanism, and Mr. Menges says that he does not know of one case where a native has embraced Christianity, and any attempt at disestablishment there would probably be attended with painful consequences to the disestablisher. The race is divided into various castes and the aristocracy of Somaliland deem it utterly beneath them to eat, drink, or marry with the castes beneath them. These latter compose three distinct castes, smiths, hunters, and gipsies. With regard to the dress and habits of these interesting people it would scarcely be correct to dismiss this important subject in the words of a well-known explorer, who when asked the question on these points in regard to some tribe he had come in contact with, replied "Dress they have none and their habits are beastly."

We must make allowances for the fact that they have not arrived at a County



NATIVE PONIES

Council, neither has *The Gentlewoman* or *Weldon's Dressmaker* a large circulation yet among the native belles.

This being so, it may be inferred that simplicity in these matters is paramount; when dress of some sort is requisite, it usually takes the form of a long cotton robe, worn toga wise, which has lasted without change for many centuries. The women wear in addition a fold of cloth round the waist fastened by a cotton girdle, and exceedingly cool and comfortable this arrangement appears for the hot climate to which they are accustomed.

The feet are protected by heavy unwieldy-looking sandals, whilst the head is left bare even in the most tropical weather.

The children at home wear a nicely-polished skin, and a shaved head, thus obviating patches in their unmentionables, and the objectionable operation of putting their hair in curl papers at night.

Somaliland is a strictly teetotal country, and there are no public-houses to be found from end to end of that happy land. The high-class tippie is *gischer*, a bitter decoction, like tea brewed from the husk of the coffee bean.

Their chief food is milk, and imported rice and dates, with occasionally a little



flesh, and on this somewhat limited diet the majority of the people thrive and enjoy good health.

The wild animals of Somaliland are abundant in variety and numbers. On the tablelands and plains herds of antelopes and gazelles are frequent, whilst in the mountainous districts are the Klipp-springer, the Koodoo, and the Imberbis, all of the antelope family.

The ostrich, the wild ass, the zebra, the giraffe, the rhinoceros, the elephant, the hippopotamus, the leopard, crocodiles, and the lordly lion are also pleasant inhabitants of this favoured land. Hyenas and jackals seem scarcely worth mentioning, but they are exceedingly numerous, and make themselves at times very unpleasant neighbours. Most of the above are to be seen at Mr. Hagenbeck's collection at the Palace. The above reads very like the catalogue of a Noah's ark, but creditable authority vouches for the presence of all these animals, and several others. The country is described as a veritable hunter's paradise, and from the comprehensiveness of the above list, we can quite believe it.

Their domestic animals are cattle, goats, fat-tailed sheep, horses and dromedaries. These latter are bred in great quantities, feeding in huge droves on the



SOMALI HUTS AND NATIVE MODE OF SITTING

grassy plains, and a native's riches is estimated by the number he possesses of these one hunched camels.

These animals have been well called "The Ship of the Desert," and it would be almost a matter of impossibility to cross the vast sandy wastes of the interior without their help. The endurance of these animals is extraordinary, for with a load of three hundred pounds they can travel at a good pace for fifteen days without water, thus enabling their owners to transport merchandise over districts that would otherwise be utterly impassable.

One of the most interesting of African pursuits is ostrich farming. A drove of ostriches is a pretty sight and there is a fine collection of these birds at the Palace.

The cock's body feathers are black, whilst the hen's are of a greyish drab. They are strictly monogamic in their domestic life and live together in pairs when once mated. The nest is a simple affair, being just a large hole scratched out of the sand some four feet wide, in which the hen lays ten to fifteen eggs, weighing

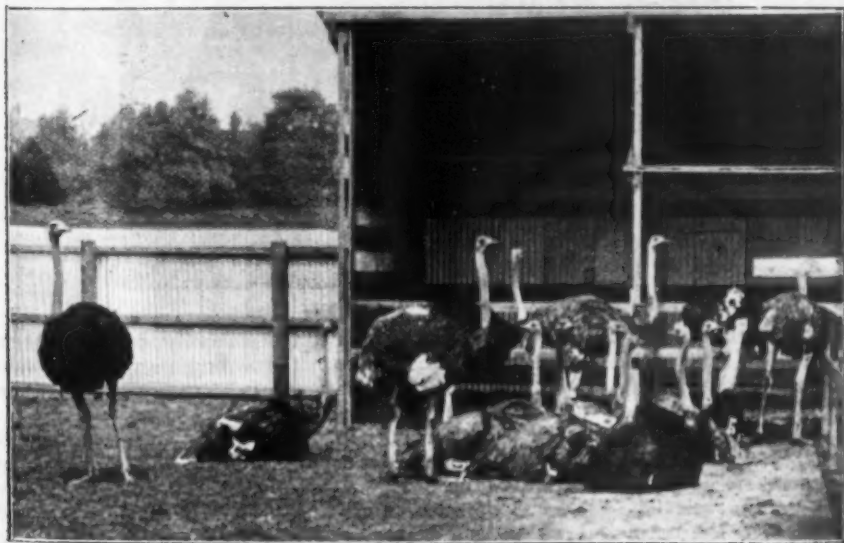
about three and a-half pounds each. These eggs are delicious eating and equal in substance about thirty ordinary hens' eggs. Half-an-hour is considered the correct period if you like them soft-boiled, while if you want them for a salad or egg sauce you may give them an extra hour or so.

The commercial value of the ostrich, of course, is in its feathers, and at the risk of being prosaic a brief description of the *modus operandi* of their plucking may be pardoned.

The first plucking of the feathers begins when the bird is six months old, and thereafter the operation is repeated every ten months. This first crop yields only small feathers called spadonas. The plucking is said to be very little hurtful to the bird when properly performed, and as the value of the ostrich lies in securing a good crop of these valuable feathers, their owners treat them with every care and avoid unnecessary pain. There are twenty-six plumes in each wing, with floss feathers underneath and three over-lapping rows of feathers above. This first row of feathers above the plumes are called long black or long drab, according to whether the bird is a male or female; the second row are mediums, and the top row shorts. The body feathers are not plucked, but are gleaned from the ground during the moulting season. A good average bird yields about twenty ounces of feathers at a plucking and if Bond or Regent Street prices for these fashionable articles are considered, it can be seen that an ostrich is a valuable possession.

In manner of feeding they are not very dainty; their chief food is vegetables and grasses, but bits of glass, old nails and such like unconsidered trifles help out their menus when chance affords. The arena at the Crystal Palace, where the Somali and their animals display, has been prepared with exceptionable regard for the performances, which are given there twice daily.

A village of reed mat huts occupies the centre of the ground, and here we find the Somali carrying on their daily avocations. An alarm is given and a band of brigands dash forward and endeavour to steal their dromedaries and other animals. Then ensues a struggle between the Somali and the thieves, during which some European hunters arrive, and the brigands are driven off, leaving several of



A GROUP OF OSTRICHES

their number captives, who are subsequently ransomed by their friends by presents of sheep and goats.

Then follows the celebration of victory with Somali sports, horse, pony, and dromedary races, war-dances and love-dances, assegai throwing, and shooting with the bow and arrows. Most of these scenes are extremely realistic, and some of the races are wonderfully exciting.

A caravan is formed up of all the animals preparatory to crossing the desert, and Somali and animals finally disappear in the distance behind the mountains. The panoramic scenery of nearly half-a-mile in length, designed and painted by



A SOMALI CHIEF AND HIS WIFE

Mr. Pritchard Barrett, deserves special praise. It adds immensely to the realism of the display, and affords a picturesque background of frowning, rugged rocks and tropical verdure which does much to give a naturalness to the scenes which are carried out on the grassy plateau in the foreground.

No doubt during the time the show is open, which will be till next October, this African race with their droves of tame and wild animals will attract many hundreds of thousands of people to the Crystal Palace. A spectacular display on the gigantic scale here produced deserves the success which is already achieved. It broadens the mind and illustrates those far off countries far more surely than all the book reading in the world. It is permitted to very few of us to travel

much, and here we have sights, scenes, and people whose very existence perhaps till now we never heard of, brought almost to our doors by the instrumentality and courageous effort of intrepid explorers, combined with those enterprising *entrepreneurs* for public entertainment who guide the destinies of the ever popular Crystal Palace.

In addition to the tribe of Somalis, there is a very fine collection of African curiosities, Hunting Trophies, and Models of Diamond and Gold Mining Machinery. These are staged in the South Nave of the Palace. Here we see the assegai with which the Prince Imperial was killed, together with a portrait of the Zulu who killed him. The trophy of animals' heads, shot by Mr. F. C. Selous in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, are a grand collection. There are fourteen lions' heads with skins; some hundred and fifty heads of antelopes; the skull of a white rhinoceros, now almost extinct, and a lion skin presented to Mr. Selous by the late Lo Pengula.

A model of gold stamping machinery, as used on the Transvaal gold-fields for crushing quartz, will interest many who have shares in African gold mines. Another model, that of the famous Kimberley diamond mines, is most complete in all its details, and gives one a very fair idea of the way these valuable stones are won. In a specially constructed safe made by Messrs. Chubb, are shown diamonds in the rough and in the matrix from the celebrated mine owned by the De Beers Co.

A very curious relic is the model of an ancient Egyptian funeral boat. It is said to be some four thousand years old, and was found in a tomb in Upper Egypt. It was used for carrying the dead across the river.

There are pictures and photographs of Livingstone, Stanley, and other African explorers besides those of native Africans, in all sorts of dress and undress.

Several curious sorts of pillows used by the Matabele are shown in one of the cases. They appear to be carved, and excellently carved, too, from some hard wood; they stand about five or six inches high, and apparently when in use are placed under the nape of the neck—a rather uncomfortable looking arrangement.

The Royal Court Umbrella of the King of Dahomey is a gigantic and gorgeous specimen of native handicraft. It is constructed of red and green silk with a massive silver top and measures twenty-one feet in circumference. This Umbrella, with a sword and silver scabbard and a Royal Robe were intended by the King as a present for Queen Victoria, but the Dahomian King falling into disgrace these articles became the property of Mr. Denny, the exhibitor, as part payment of a loan due by the King.

Some jewellery of native make exhibits wonderful perfection of workmanship and design, and one wonders how these artificers can execute such intricate and beautiful work with the primitive tools at their command.







# England in Holland.

## A SERIES OF UNCONVENTIONAL PAPERS,

BY DR. P. H. DAVIS, F.R.G.S., &c.

### NO. I.—AGNETA PARK, NEAR DELFT.

**H**OLLAND possesses many points of interest for Britons, and it will be my pleasant duty to recount, month by month, the most remarkable of them, from personally-gathered details and photographs taken on the spot.

Of them all the place of honour must certainly be awarded to Agneta Park, which takes its name from the first patronymic of Mrs. Van Marken, a former Miss Agneta Matthes, but now the beloved wife of one of the greatest of all Dutch social reformers. My admiration for this lady is only equalled by that for her remarkably unassuming and democratic husband, who is, nevertheless, a born ruler and organiser; and as nothing succeeds like success, I place him before such noble pioneers of social improvement as the late George Peabody and Lord Shaftesbury, and likewise Sir Titus Salt. Though these comparisons appear invidious, they are forced on me. That Mr. and Mrs. Van Marken are *practical*, have developed the so-called social-democracy into actual fact, and actually solved the much-debated "Labour Question" till it stands forward as a living example of what has been done, should be all-sufficient for this conclusion.

Let me explain. There is at Delft an enormous yeast works and spirit distillery, also oil mills and a glue and gelatine factory of great magnitude. These are the creation of one man, the Mr. J. C. Van Marken now under comment. Twenty-five years ago they existed in thin air; their present site was meadow-land, and not too well drained at that. To-day they find employment for nearly 1,000 persons all told, and their ramifications are universal. They occupy a huge area on the north-eastern side of the Hollandsche Ijzern Spoorweg Maatschappij (Dutch Iron Railway Company), and I shall make some extraordinary statements about them in our next. But, at present



GROUND PLAN OF AGNETA PARK

- |                             |                |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| 1. MR. VAN MARKEN'S HOUSE   | 2. THE VILLAGE |
| 3. THE "COMMUNITY" BUILDING | 4. HOSPITAL    |
| 5. THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE   |                |

I confine my attention to Agneta Park, an estate of about a square mile's extent, which adjoins these colossal works, though separated from them by the railway line, as will be observed by the fine lines at the foot of the ground plan.

This estate, this haven of rest in the midst of the whirl of commerce, this nineteenth century paradise on earth, this symposium of peace and concord, this representation of the beautiful and the end of all human desires, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Van Marken and a fair proportion of their followers—those devoted employes whose very existence is Utopian by comparison with their fellows, and whose lives savour more of fiction and romance than the hard practical facts of which I am a living witness. The very air breathes contentment, repose, and happiness; the birds forget their natural timidity, and freely fly in and out of the buildings as though to the manner born; humanity and brute creation alike



THE PRIVATE STUDY OF THE GREAT DUTCH SOCIAL REFORMER  
MR. AND MRS. VAN MARKEN IN CONSULTATION

venerate the spot and then show that veneration by the outward and visible signs of their conduct, and the reason is not far to seek. The Van Marken impress is upon everything and everybody, and this may be summed up in the words of the late James Russell Lowell—

“Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us *Men*.”

And here the word “men” is used in its highest, noblest, and holiest sense.

I ask pardon if I occasionally travel more than once over the same ground, but I do so with the idea of making all things clear. Thus the oil works is *one* company; and glue and gelatine is run by a *second* company, but the *third* company (which in reality is the original), owns the yeast works and distillery, the capital of which is 1,050,000 florins. Of all the three companies Mr. Van Marken is the guiding spirit, although in the latter two concerns he is ably assisted by his

co-director and nephew, the amiable Mr. F. G. Waller, who admirably interprets in every way the views of his revered uncle and aunt. Similarly he shares the responsibilities of the oil company with Mr. Thubé, of Nantes, France (who purchases the nuts from the French colonies), and Dr. Tutein Nolthenius, his colleague at Delft, who also ardently collaborates in the social work

fostered by the three Companies under Mr. Van Marken's shrewd direction.

Agneta Park was purchased by Mr. Van Marken some thirteen years ago. Upon it stand about 100 cottages, occupied by about eighty-five families, each of which pays from 2.15 to 3.50 of Dutch currency (3s. 7d. to 5s. 10d.) per week for house rent, according to the size, &c., of domicile. Even the smallest house consists of three floors, for the accommodation includes a roomy porch, parlour, a recess, into which a bedstead is built into the wall in the Scotch fashion, and kitchen with dresser, sink, water, cooking-stove, and all needful and sanitary arrangements, on the ground level, with cellarage below; on the first floor are two bedrooms, a large cupboard for clothing, &c., and a loft above these. Every house is self-contained, has garden either at back or front, and convenience for laundry work, &c. The staircases, light, ventilation, &c., are first-class, the buildings sound and sensible, and the style of architecture is shown herein by the snap-shot photo of



"RUST ROEST"

MR. AND MRS. VAN MARKEN'S HOME



THE "COMMUNITY" BUILDING (FROM ACROSS THE LAKE)

one of the village streets, and also of a parlour in one of the cottages. The colony was commenced with forty houses, designed by the Yeast and Spirit Company's architect, but in eighteen months had reached its present stage, although the employes are free to live where they please — residence in Agneta Park being optional.

To attempt, in the space at my

disposal, a full account of this peculiar Commonwealth would be superhuman; I therefore epitomise it as well as it allows of condensation.

Its beginning was insignificant and difficult. In the youth of the factory there

were possibly thirty employés, and Mrs. Van Marken, full of that maternal spirit which is typical of her, took an interest in the welfare of the wives and children of her husband's staff, visited their homes, counselled with and advised them, went to the schools the children attended and inquired as to their progress, requested the teachers to send her monthly reports of their pupils, and at the



A STREET IN THE PARK VILLAGE

end of the year arranged and held a festival in the works, to which were invited all the children who had regularly attended school, or received good reports, and also the parents of such children. She also became visiting nurse wherever illness

affected any of her community, and acting on the confidence thus inspired commenced to teach frugality and co-operation. One of the upper floors in the factory was converted into a store: purchases of vegetables, corn, clothing, &c., were made at wholesale rates and then re-sold without profit to the work-



"HOME, SWEET HOME"  
A FRONT PARLOUR IN A WORKMAN'S COTTAGE

people, and the good work prospered apace. Meanwhile Mr. Van Marken had been equally busy in other directions. His staff and business had increased; he bought the land which is now the Agneta Park Estate and then, in conjunction





"GIRLS AND BOYS COME OUT TO PLAY"  
FRONT VIEW OF THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE (CHILDREN LEAVING SCHOOL)

work with a will. Forty houses were soon up to accommodate as many families; a drapers' shop and a co-operative store erected, and another co-operative store opened in the town of Delft for those who could not be provided with houses in the Park; in two years sixty more houses were built and a dividend of 2 per cent. paid upon the total amount of the rentals and the purchases made at the stores.

Since then attention has been concentrated upon paying off mortgages and improving the property rather than building more houses (although several of the latter will soon be started), and here is an incomplete record of less than a dozen years' work. Walks and garden plots have been laid out and trees planted all over the estate; two pretty rustic bridges built across the narrow parts of the S-shaped lake; boat piers erected in each of the lakes and several rowing boats provided; the building called "The Tent," with seating accommodation for 400, and its summer Casino, &c., erected and equipped with all requirements for restaurant, &c.; a pretty band stand put up; an open-air gymnasium and playground for children arranged, including roundabouts, swings, see-saws, hobby horses, ladders, parallel bars, sandpits, &c., all supplied with protection from inclement weather; shooting gallery, bowling and skittle alleys, archery ground, cycling track, &c., &c.; and then last, but certainly not



THE INFANT SCHOOL ("COMMUNITY BUILDING")

with his own employés, formed the "Common Property" Company, with a capital of 200,000 Dutch florins, with the socialistic object of enabling the workpeople, as a community, to gradually become the actual owners of the estate and all upon it. Mortgages were obtained, and then everybody set to

the least, the magnificent edifice known as "The Community," which may appropriately be termed the Town Hall of the Estate. It contains two great halls, principally used as the gymnasium and reading-room, and six good-sized rooms for educational purposes, various meetings and general recreation. All the partitioning is readily removable in case of need for balls, concerts, theatrical performances, festivities, &c., and seating accommodation for 1,200 is thus possible.

For recreative purposes, particularly for sociability and friendly intercourse, this self-contained colony is well provided. The brass band of thirty is a great feature of its social life and, practically speaking, is ever present at all gatherings of pleasure, at funerals, and all else. In summer it gives three open-air concerts weekly, and in winter the same in the Community building, besides acting as the orchestra at all the theatrical entertainments, dances, &c., which are tolerably often. An electric magic lantern is also provided; there are frequent exhibitions of pictures, photos, &c., as well as annual exhibitions of flowers cultivated by the employés of the Company, and of objects made by the pupils in the Community's schools.

There are also the following clubs: cycling, rowing and skating (on the park lake), skittle, bowling, billiard, archery; the "Sparta" gymnastic, for the use of which one of the large halls in the Town Hall has been fitted with all the latest and best gymnastic, fencing, &c.,



THE KINDERGARTEN PLAYGROUND

appliances; the Travellers, to which a contribution of three-pence per week pays for a trip into the country on each of the three holidays a year granted to every employé of the Company; the circulating games, which lends magic lanterns and games gratuitously to members for use at their own homes for birthdays and similar domestic celebrations; and so on. There are also two libraries, all of which contain books in most of the modern languages. One of them is the private property of Mr. Van Marken, but the other contains about 2,500 volumes. All, however, are equally free. The reading-hall is constantly supplied with newspapers, magazines, &c., in different languages, to the extent of about 100 varieties weekly.

Education is not neglected. For infants under six there is a kindergarten, the fees being two-pence for one child and one penny for every additional child of the same family. Children between 6 and 13 who attend the schools in the town of Delft are looked after by a ladies' committee and rewarded by prizes for punctual and regular attendance, while there are likewise separate classes at the schools on the Estate for boy and girl pupils between the same ages, the girls being

further taught knitting and crochet work, while the boys receive manual training on the "Slöyd" (Swedish) system, till at 14 they are ready for apprenticeship—half-day at work and half day at school. Girls between 13 and 16 are taught sewing and mending, and those over 16 continue these with dressmaking and cookery added, which are also extended, in separate classes, to adults. Apprentices continue their half-day primary teaching and half-day labours till they are 18, but drawing and practical training in some branch of trade are added, while for clerks, &c., languages, correspondence, arithmetic, and book-keeping are taught. Later, they graduate in commercial-law and scientific studies. Endowed funds provide scholarship prizes.

Every employé stands an equal chance of an increase of income, and the liberal arrangements for awarding such are severely just. Five classes are fixed, as representing (a) sufficient, (b) fairly good, (c) good, (d) very good, and (e) excellent, and the promotions are decided by an elected committee of managers upon information secretly supplied by the foremen of departments. The advances are from 2 per cent. to 20 per cent. on existing wages, which are from 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. higher than paid elsewhere, and for about 10 per cent. less working hours. All these



ONE OF THE OLDEST INHABITANTS AND HIS FAMILY

classes are fixed for devotedness to the Company; for ability; for co-operation; and for remarkable talents and services, so it is quite possible that a man might be promoted to the highest class in all four groups simultaneously. But there is yet a further stage. The Company considers that the premiums for life insurance and old-age pensions (at 60) should properly become a first charge on the pro-

fits and accordingly devotes a sum, equal to 9 per cent. of the total of salaries, to those objects. "The old-age pensions are the amortisation of the living machinery" (Van Marken). Then, after a dividend of 5 per cent. is paid to the shareholders of the Company on their investments, if there is any balance it is divided, so that the staff is awarded 15 per cent. of such balance, and the shareholders the remainder. Originally only 10 per cent. of the profits above 5 per cent. was distributed among the employés, but the extra 5 per cent. was lately added to complete the insufficient pensions of those who are already aged. In 1893 the employés' share of profits amounted to over 18,000 florins; in 1894 it rose to 23,000 florins; but the grand total since the establishment of the system is stupendous by comparison.

Two savings banks are also in full work. One is for voluntary deposits bearing 5 per cent. interest; the other compulsory, and at 4 per cent.—compulsory, that is, according to a sliding scale on the premiums, bonuses, profit-shares, &c., of each employé, wages being inviolate. These savings are repaid in full, either when the depositor reaches 60 years old, or at death, if earlier. Withdrawals are subject to the elected committee. In the event of marriage, the depositor may withdraw

equal to six months' wages; other conditions are met according to circumstances.

Condense my details as much as I can, space does not allow me to touch upon even a tenth of them all, so I briefly recapitulate a few. Mr. Van Marken placed at the disposal of his "associates" (he prefers that word to "employés") 10,000 florins' worth of his shares, which he divided into smaller shares of 10 florins each (16s. 8d.), so that all might have a chance to become shareholders in the manufacturing Company. The workpeople's committees supervise all arrangements for avoiding risks to life, limb, or health in all the factories; there are ambulance classes where instruction is also given in "first aid," and two adept pupils are on duty day and night in case their services are needed. A surgeon and surgery are likewise provided, as are bath, toilet, refreshment, billiard, recreation, and other rooms at "The Villa," in which one apartment is fitted with bunks that the employés may have a nap during the intervals of rest in work hours. The works' splendid fire brigade is another commendable institution, which has also frequently performed its duties to advantage in the town of Delft.



THE MEN'S GYMNASIUM ("COMMUNITY" BUILDING)

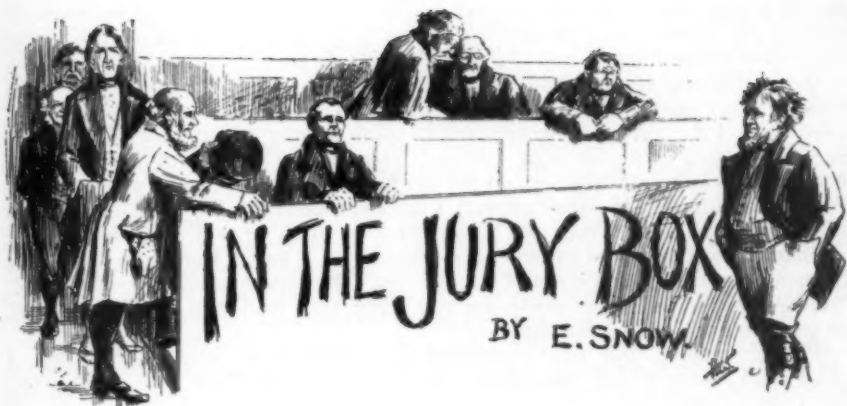
The Self-Help society, with its voluntary membership at a penny a week, renders mutual assistance; the sick fund pays the doctor's bills of its compulsory members for the services and medicines of any medical man the member may select, the fees being  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per week for men,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. for women, and  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per child; but this fund deals only with actual illness, during which the employé is paid full wages by the Company for eight weeks. Accidents are separately considered: the injured person is paid full wages till convalescence, death, or total incapacity for further work is manifest. In either of the latter events the family is paid twice the amount of the employé's last year's salary, and the accident premiums for all this is paid by the Company, which also pays premiums for old-age pensions (at 60), and for life insurance. Under the old-age scheme a policy is annually handed to every employé, and forty such policies insure for the rest of his life annual payments, each equalling the salary he received in the last year of his active work. The payment as life insurance is a lump sum equal to 9 per cent. of the entire total of wages received by the deceased during the whole of his service with the Company. The Widows' Fund is a philanthropic peculiarity; into it every employé, from director to labourer, pays 1 per cent., and the Company augments this by half as much more as the total of all the contributions. Although no actual claim on the fund can be maintained as a right, nevertheless, as far as the funds allow, every widow is allowed six shillings and eight-pence per week for herself and one shilling and eight-pence for every child, to a maximum of thirteen shillings and four-pence per week. And 15 such widows and 31 children are provided for at present. Further, the Parliament (referred to later) allows each widow, from the accumulated funds of the staff obtained by the profit-shares, a yearly sum of five florins.

*Prima facie*, the endless details of the administration requires a large staff to cope with all, but this is not so. Peace, amity, concord, and *savoir faire* so permeate all matters that the duties to be performed become labours of love. The Articles of Constitution of this extraordinary Commonwealth are sound, practical, well thought out, and strong enough to resist any undue inroads upon them from anywhere. Everything is done by elective and elected councils, of which there are primarily three, each independent of, yet working with, its fellows. They form, so to speak, a House of Parliament composed of three distinct but allied chambers with full powers only when consolidated and supplemented. This comparatively Upper House is likewise elective, two-thirds of the members being nominated by the Commonwealth and one-third by the Directors of the Manufacturing Company. Each section has its own officers, and when the three bodies meet, one of the Directors of the Company takes the chair. Never once, since the inauguration of this governing body in 1875, has any serious difficulty arisen, nor has the Board of Arbitration (duly provided for) ever had occasion to meet. Probably much of this is due to the fact that the energetic Secretary of the "Community" is Mr. P. Tjeenk Willink, a clever Doctor of Law, diplomatist and fluent linguist, who also has a keen perception and warm heart.

Thus I briefly summarise just a few of the more salient features of this remarkable republic within a monarchy—a state within a state—the creation of one man and one woman in only a quarter of a century; a pair whose names are beloved and revered in their native land, a pair of born philanthropists, large in heart, large in brain, and who live for and amongst their own people, whose means of earning their livelihood I hope to chronicle in our next. The policy of these two pioneers of nineteenth century social civilisation and improvement recalls the passage from the poet Philip James Bailey, who wrote in *Festus*:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He lives most  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."





**I**T was a Sunday evening in late September; the partridges calling noisily to each other in the wheat stubble beyond the meadow which stretched out round the homestead were comparing notes, no doubt, on the adventures of the week just passed.

We leaned over the gate. My companion, a blunt, dull, stupid-looking little man, past middle-age, was the tenant of the Folly Farm. He had just finished his two-mile trudge back from worship, and I was on my way home after "a look round" with the dogs.

"Sorry I wasn't about sir," he said, "when you was this way shooting last week. Had one of these 'ere judges with you I heerd, little stout man—they say he was—might be a good judge though, for all that. But judges," he continued in a drawling, whining voice, "ain't always good men morally, so they say, no more than Parliament men are. I see a judge once, Judge Jenkins; not but what he's all right as far as I know. Look at them rabbits—why, there's forty of 'em if there's one, out in that corner there now agin the hedge—they eat as much as a cow and spoil more. But, as I was a-saying, I see this ere judge once at Bedford—that was years ago. I recollect it well enough. I was summonsed on the juree. Can't you let your keeper kill some of them rabbits? They remind me of my grandfather when he was a boy, they do—my grandfather he always used to have rabbits, he did—kept 'em—tame uns, and one night his rabbits got out, and ate up all his father's—that's my great-grandfather's—young brocolos; so I've heerd my father say, many a time—my father was wonderful fond of telling the tale, he was, and he'd often—but I was a-telling you about going on the juree at Bedford, now.

"Well, I had a summons come—on blue paper it was, I recollect—it was a Tuesday, and Kitty Thompson—that's Billy Thompson's little girl she was then—she went out to service and got married, up'ards somewhere—that's her brother what left me on the edge of last harvest—without notice—and went somewhere in the fen, I think—leastways down'ards I know it was—and then come back and wanted me to set him on again—but no!—well, she brought it up, 'cause at that time o' day the postman he never came no further than the end of the village—well, as I said, she brought me this 'ere summons what said I'd got to go to Bedford on the juree. I didn't know for why, 'cause I'd never been on no juree afore—though my other brother had—him what's dead now, what went out to Australia and

couldn't get on—I recollect him having a summons come, very well—when he lived up at Dotterel Hall there, close agin Callows Green—just afore you get to the hand post where you turn down as if you was going to the Scratching Cat—he had one. Well, this summons as come for me—that said as how I'd got to be at Bedford by ten o'clock on the Monday week like after it come, to be on the juree at the 'Size. I showed it to my wife—but I needn't tell you now what she said—but howsomever I'd got to go. That were a Monday as I'd got to go, and when that morning come we was busy a-threshing beans—I'd got that old shean of Shadrach Tuckett's up here then—that was afore he had that other shean what he'd got afore he died—his old shean didn't used to dress nothing as sheans do now; I recollect sheans coming in very well—I do. Why, we never used to think nothing about no sheans when I were a boy—same as we do now. Always threshed by hand with a flail, knock, knock, knock, you might hear 'em on the old barn floor. Well, as I was a-saying, we was a-threshing beans—they growed, I recollect, down in River Meads—after a crop of black Tartar oats; they was a heavy crop—run up strawey they did—blightly too—that was wet when we carried 'em—late and all it was. Lor! how dusty they was when we come to knock 'em out, to be sure. But I was a-telling you—I says to young Jim Smith, him as works for you there now, drill-man an that—he were a lot younger then, only a lad like:—

“‘Jim,’ I says, that was about seven o'clock, or a little after; ‘Jim,’ I says—I had been round the shean and seen as how they was right on—‘Jim,’ I says, ‘put the old pony in the chaise,’ I says; ‘I’ve got to go to Bedford to-day, to be on the juree.’

“‘I hadn't said anything to the other men, 'cause I didn't want them to know where I was going, so that they might keep right on at work, middling.

“‘Master,’ he says, ‘the old pony's got a shoe off, near foot afore’—that was an old roaned pony I had then, you don't recollect her; had been a wonder in her day; come of an old grey mare my wife's father had, what he bought out of a drove one Bigglesed Fair.

“‘Well,’ I says, ‘you must take



“‘WELL, AS I WAS A-SAYING’”

her up to Tom's,' I says, 'and get him to tack one on, while I have my breakfast.'

"Tom was uncle to the man what bought Click's business, and then dranked himself out of work afore this 'ere present smith's shop, as is here now, was started. He always kept a shoe or two to fit my old pony. When I'd had my breakfast, and Jim had got the chaise ready, I made a start of it; but I'd hardly got down to the second gate there, agin the pond, when I heered them a-hollering after me, so I had to come back, 'cause my wife she wanted me to take a parcel for her to Sash's, the draper's, in Bedford High Street. So, when I'd got this 'ere parcel—which was a dress piece, I remember: blue, with white spots on it, only the spots wasn't so large as my wife had ordered them, and she was a-sending it back, 'cause it was wrong—I starts off again, and got to Bedford about a quarter afore ten, or a little better. Properly hot that were. There hadn't been no rain for weeks, and the land was real hot. I said that'd suzzle when it did rain, but that didn't—not as I heerd it—that ought to a-done. The ground was as dry as lime, everything clean sparched up, it were. When I'd put the old pony up at the Lion—that's where I always did put up—and told the ostler there I wasn't going to be long on the juree, 'cause I wanted to get home, 'cause we was busy a-threshing beans. As I told you, I left the wife's parcel—they said at the shop as how they'd send her some bigger spots—and sarntered off to the Court, where I'd got to go.

"Massy, I ho! what a sight of folk there was at the court to be sure; all scrounging and heaving about, all a-trying to get in agin one another. I got in at last and set agin a man as I know very well—Eb Wright, him what farmed under Lord Hastie and them at that time, and does now under the young lord; you don't know him I think; you don't go to Bedford Market do you? else you must have seen him—big, stout man, always stands up agen Floats, the seedman's stand, every Saturday; tall hat on mostly he has. Well, I set aside of him—he were on the juree and all he was—he'd come there to be on the juree same as I had.

"We hadn't been there a great while afore the judge he come in, and a pleeceman he comes to me and says, 'Stand up,' he says; so I did, but everybody was just a-sitting down then, so I set down agen and some of 'em laughed—at the judge, I suppose—'cause they hollered out 'order.'

"Then a man as was a-sitting underneath the judge, he began a-calling out names—some of 'em ever so many times over. Lor! how cross he did get, to be sure, when him as had the name he called didn't answer to it, and when anyone says 'Here,' the man says, 'Come into the box as you're called,' just like that. He put me very much in mind of old Joey Kirbyshire and his hens—you've heerd tell of him—he was all a character he was; he give all his old hens names he did, cocks and all, and of a mornings he'd call 'em all out of the hen 'us one by one, and when one as he hadn't called popped her old head out of the hole Joey would give her a crap with a stick as he had—it was a blackthorn mostly, but sometimes he'd have hazel he would—always a stick; he warn't nothing without a stick, bless you. Joey wasn't.

"Then my name was hollered. That man he could holler, surelie; I thought he'd be wonderful handy at sowing time to go crow-starving—he wouldn't want no gun, no clappers, nothing of ~~that~~—he'd holloa the old rocks—old beggars—off well enough he would, and save powder.

"When he'd hollered me, I says 'Here'—'Come into this 'ere box,' he says—That was a box too, like a church-pew or a calf's pen, with forms in it. How thick we did sit, to be sure, hard seats too—thick as bees in a hive a'most—and talking of bees, I never could see much in them things. My aunt, she used to keep 'em when I was a boy, up there by Swan's Egg Furlong, afore the enclosure—but lor! there ain't nothing in bees—much better keep an old sow if you want to keep anything; if you've got bees and they get awkward, as they will sometimes, when they're about coming out, why, what can you do with 'em? Why, nothing; whereas

if you've got an old sow and she turns awkward you can give her a good clout on the ear, but a bee you can't.

"However, in this 'ere box we had to be—twelve of us. Some I knowed, some I didn't—well, some I didn't want to know, if you come to that. When we'd settled down a bit and kissed the book, one of these 'ere counsellors, he'd got a wig on his head, same as the judge and the man as hollered out our names—he got up and told us ever so much about a butcher a running into a baker with his cart—he was wonderful handy with his tale, to be sure; got it right off, he had. Then there was ever so many people come, and some says one thing and some says another—some tried to make it out to us as how the butcher had run into the baker—some said as



"'HE WAS WONDERFUL HANDY WITH HIS TALE'"

how the baker he had run into the butcher—some was all for one and some was all for the other—then these 'ere counsellors they got a cross-woffling and boffling them as come to say what they knowed—or didn't know—about it, then they got a wrangling and a gangling among themselves, and then they told us what they'd been told to tell us—paid for it, no doubt. When they'd done, the judge he started. He did talk too, he did. He looked wonderfully old at us, and kept a-twisting his tale about—back'ards and for'ards—I couldn't make nothing out of it, I couldn't, more couldn't no one. 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'of course if you think as how the plaintive was wrong in driving where he was and how he was, then you'll say as how the defendant shouldn't pay him for having his cart done up and his horse hurt; but if you think the defendant was wrong and run into the plaintive a purpose a'most, by driving anyhow and anywhere, why, then, you'll say please, what he's got to pay'

—and so on—over and over again—till we was all of a mizzy-mod, anyhow.

"At last he'd had enough, and they said: 'Consider your verdict,' and we was a considering of it when one says: 'Let's retire.' 'We don't want no retiring,' I says—nor we didn't—only they says as how if we didn't retire we should be kept on into the next case, and if we did they'd have some more in as juree and we could go—that was good, that was—and we retired into a room.

"When we got into this 'ere room, one of the juree what had been sitting just behind me in the box or pew—he was a little, bull-headed, red-haired man, almost such a man as that Caleb—dear me, what's his name?—I forget—bother me if I don't!—him what used to come round with a cart buying pigeons for these here



"IT DON'T SIGNIFY WHO HAS IT!"

shooting matches and the like of that. You never shoot pigeons, except wood pigeons, do you? No, I don't see nothing in that, cruel I call it myself—only it don't do to stick yourself up about that altogether, when they make fifteen shillings a dozen alive and only six shillings a dozen dead or thereabouts. However, this man he set himself down on a form—there was a form in this 'ere room—and 'Butcher,' he says. 'No,' I says, 'I think not, the baker has it.' 'Oh, does he,' says the red-headed cove, 'I know he don't then,' and so we went on. There was five of us for the baker, this 'ere one for the butcher, and the rest they said they didn't know nothing of the butcher nor yet the baker—never heard of them before. I says 'The butcher he was in fault, this 'ere never would have been if the butcher hadn't been a-driving so fast and on his wrong side and all. The baker,' I says, 'he did pull out, according to all accounts, if you believe his side, and hollered; but the butcher he drove into him, smashed his cart, hurt his horse and drove off laughing; he ought to pay.' 'He shan't, though,' says the bull-headed man, 'no, not if I sit here for a month or more; he may have been in the fault, very likely was, for that mare of his is ail a goer, but him and me married two sisters, so now.' Well, there we was, there was eleven of us saying 'baker,' for them as didn't care had come over to us, as we was the most, and this 'ere one saying 'butcher.' We wanted to get home and have done with it—I did—so did some more. I'd got a lot of men there and I knowed very well what they was a-doing of—about nothing. What a job it is, but men they won't work if you ain't all the while after em—not likely. 'Come,' I says, 'I must get home; I'm getting empty and all.' It was two o'clock or better then, and I come off early—though, for my part, I'd always come off early; if you don't there don't seem no time to do nothing, scarce, and the others they said they wanted to get back home and was empty, too. 'Oh,' says the carrot-headed bloke, I don't know who he was and don't want, 'that ain't nothing to me, I ain't got no business, I live upright and independent, I do, besides, I brought



what I wanted with me, I've been on juree afore this touch.' He pulled a bottle of stout and a bit of bread and meat—wonderful nice it looked too, out of his side pocket, and set there eating and drinking out of his bottle, quite comfortable, smiling at us; he never offered us a bit nor a drop though. After about half-an-hour more I see we was done, and so I says: 'Look here,' I says, 'it's no good our a-fighting against this 'ere independent man; it don't signify who has it, as I knows on, and being here means losing money. Let's give it for this 'ere independent man's wife's sister's husband, though I know he didn't ought to have it.' So in we went and give it in 'butcher.'

"That didn't seem altogether to please the judge quite; he set himself up, almost as you may see one of them old heronshaws set himself up in the brook—there was one of 'em along the bottom there yesterday—I see it—but he only says, 'Oh!' and then we come away; glad enough I was too to get out, you may know—having done my duty.

"That were five o'clock then afore I got home here, and beggar me if they men had got more than fifteen quarter of beans through the shean then, though the missus had give them an extry pint to keep right on.

"And them beans too, I recollect—there's no harm in speaking about it now 'cause the man what I sold 'em to, he's been dead and gone ever so long, and I shan't tell you who he was—wonderful bad some of 'em was, little snively corn, good for nothing—and I didn't see my way to make nothing of them scarce. I had some more, good 'uns they was, weighed their weight easy—a lot of 'em—grewed there on Booby's Casty, they did. I took a sample of these here Booby's Casty beans to market, you understand, and sold 'em to this 'ere man what's dead, and we worked these 'ere bad 'uns off along with them, a bushel or so in the middle of every sack—oh, they went off right enough—pretty—and as he never knowed nothing about it this didn't matter; he's dead now—he paid me up in full—good pay he was and as straightforrard, upright man as ever lifted a glass. Wonderful particular about delivery, some of these dealers are, and wonderful cunning with it.

"No, as I was saying, judges ain't always good men morally, are they? Get well paid for it, too, I suppose. However, the judge what I see—Judge Jenkins—he's all right I've heerd, and I never see nothing wrong about the man as I knows on.

"Did I ever tell you how I come to marry my wife? I don't think I ever did, did I? It come about like this 'ere, it were a wonderful, remarkable thing, too. But you want to be getting back, don't you; it'll be dark afore you're home now. I'll tell you about my wife another time—lor! what a rare one she's been to scratch and claw for a living surelie—she would have it. Good-night, sir."

As I walked home through the soft twilight, I wondered whether all other men were, unlike judges, in my friend's estimation, always good men morally.

# WILD FLOWER



"O, Sweet Wild flowers, ye have strange powers,  
Alike for young and old ;

Your forest smell is like a spell  
Some hidden power ye hold.

For  
in my eyes  
the tears will rise  
unbidden.

Silently—  
Ye keep  
the secret  
that unlocks  
the Springs  
of memory."





#### FACTS ABOUT FIREPLACES.

**S**ACRED fire kindled by a direct intervention of the higher powers, seems to have been an important element in the religious ceremonies of various ancient nations. The Jews, Persians, Hindoos, Russians and Greeks may be mentioned as instances in point; and the Gauls on their grove and forest altars, which served as temples, had such fires continually burning, for which they showed extreme veneration. Fire was employed in the worship of the Goddess Vesta; and if the virgin priestesses allowed it to be extinguished, such event was regarded with great alarm, as portending national calamity, and the omission was punished with the greatest severity. Perpetual fires were kept up in Delphos and other Greek corporate towns, generally in the *prytaneum*, or council hall, where the people assembled to discuss topics of common interest, and which contained an altar for public sacrifice.

The Chinese attribute to one of their early kings, Souigine, the discovery that fire could be produced by the friction of two pieces of dry wood; and when once known the information soon spread amongst the

racres then inhabiting the globe, though for a long period the only means they had of producing warmth was by a fire, made in the open



CANOPY FIREPLACE, 13TH CENTURY

air, of wood or grass. There is no trace of chimneys among the Egyptians, who were the most civilised and intelligent of ancient nations, and it is believed that their houses were warmed by means of charcoal braziers, which could be carried from room to room. From antique sculptures we find that bellows were used by iron and metal workers, but they do not appear among household appliances, neither are chimneys to be met with in the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii, though a baker's oven and batch of bread were discovered a few years since.

Primitive fireplaces were formed of a block of stone placed in the centre of the floor, with an aperture above through which the smoke escaped. Such a fireplace still exists in the old hall of a house at Penshurst, in Kent, with the iron dogs which supported the tuel. This generally consisted of huge logs of timber, though there is reason to believe that the Saxons were acquainted with the use of coal; but it was not employed to any great extent for domestic purposes. Many improvements were introduced into English houses after the Norman Conquest, and among others a rude kind of chimney



FIREPLACE IN CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS, 14TH CENTURY



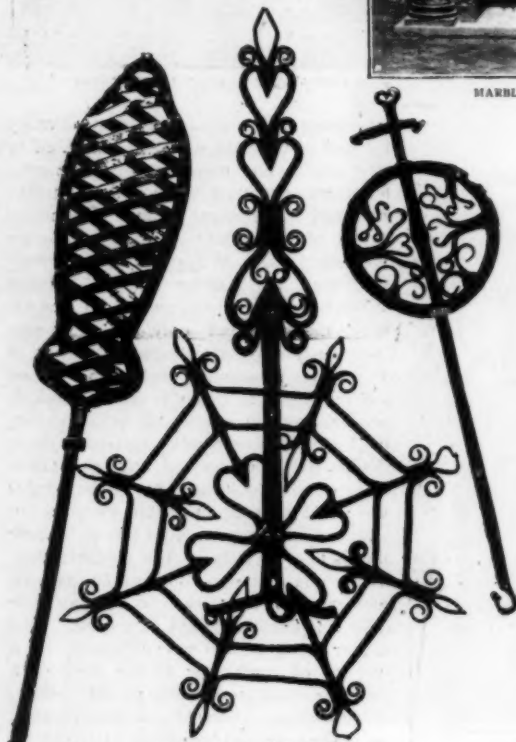
A MODERN FIREPLACE

placed in the side wall, and only used in the smaller and more private apartments, the former method being still retained in the hall or principal room. The prevalence of conflagrations made legislation necessary, and William the Conqueror instituted the Curfew or, in Norman French, *le couvre feu*, not as an oppressive measure, but only as a custom previously adopted in other countries of Europe as a necessary precaution imposed on the Court as much as on the cottage. It was not till stone and brick houses, with two or more floors, superseded those which had been built of wood that chimneys entirely took the place of the central fire; and we read in an old document of Edward I. that he ordered two to be built in his hunting lodge. The mediæval fireplace was made to come as far as convenient into the room, so that as little heat as possible should be wasted. The upper part, which was decorated in a variety of ways, was in the form of a slanting canopy reaching to the ceiling; others were emblazoned with coats of arms, as in the example given of the 14th century.

The designs belonging to the early Tudor period were very simple, and resembled those in use at the present day; but towards the end of Elizabeth's reign fireplaces, elaborately wrought in wood, were found in the larger houses, often forming the most noticeable feature in the room, the chimney behind being flat and square. One of the most practical uses that the chimney was put to was to complete the process of curing meat, flitches of bacon, hams, &c., and frequently they were fitted with hooks and chains for hanging pots and kettles upon. As the more delicate features of a repast were often prepared by the ladies of the house in a common sitting-room, considerable care was expended on cooking utensils, which were of artistic design and excellent workmanship, as may be judged by the three gridirons of the 16th century from the Cluny Museum, Paris.



MARBLE FIREPLACE, EARLY 19TH CENTURY



GRIDIRONS OF 16TH CENTURY

Later, fireplaces were restricted in size, and grates took the place of firedogs on coal coming into general use. The earlier examples took the form of movable baskets, the space in which they stood being lined with tiles.

In the 18th century narrow chimney-pieces were used, delicately carved with scrolls and flowers, classical figures, &c., and made after the designs of the Brothers Adams. About the same period Count Rumford made an improvement in fireplaces by contracting and sloping off the sides, thus giving them an oblique, instead of a square shape, and, by lining them with fire-brick, greatly increased their heat-giving powers. Grates now became fixed, and these may be regarded as the fore-runners of register stoves, which have gone on improving till they have attained their present high state of perfection. The most marked features of the fireplaces of the present day are the angle nooks and cosy corners which so often surround



them, and which are adapted from a fashion of the past. They have so many advantages that it is to be hoped they will long hold their own in English houses, as the hearth is the shrine upon which the sacred flame of home worship is kindled: a common centre and rallying place for the family after the toil and burden of the day is over.

#### THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

Princess Marie, the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, is well-known to the English people, having spent her childhood at Eastwell Park, Kent, which was rented by the Duke for the earlier portion of his married life. She was born on October 29th, 1875, and in her seventeenth year married Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Roumania. Previous to her marriage she visited Carmen Sylva and the King of Roumania in their charming castle, built at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, which is a perfect treasure-house, stored with all the luxuries that the *fin de siècle* mind can conceive, and then had an opportunity of seeing different parts of the country over which she is destined to reign, in conjunction with her husband, in process of time. After the marriage of the heir to the throne the Queen of Roumania was compelled to reside abroad for a considerable time on account of the delicate state of her health. During this period Princess Marie acted as her deputy, and was the central figure in all Court functions. The photograph represents the Crown Princess with her eldest child, Prince Carol.

#### SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

If an unmarried woman dares to confess contentment with her lot, every wife of her



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA AND HER SON, PRINCE CAROL.

acquaintance lifts her hands in amazement, and turns her eyes towards heaven in holy horror, that such an heretical sentiment should have been expressed in her presence. She herself may not have married wisely or too well, half-a-dozen sickly infants may be dragging at her skirts, her other half may possess most of the vices and few of the virtues masculine flesh is heir to, and physical weakness and limited means may have rendered life an almost intolerable burden, yet the spinster is fully aware that the most bedraggled married woman she knows believes she

has the hereditary right to extol the sweetness of matrimony in season and out. That a true marriage, in which two lives are welded into a perfect whole, is the ideal existence, every man or woman of sense is willing to admit; but to rush into the bonds of wedlock without considering for a moment whether the circumstances of the case point towards happiness, is an act of suicidal idiocy, that cannot be too strongly deprecated. Marry well if you can: but anyhow marry, is the command implied or expressed of the average British parent; and what is the result? Each daughter of the house is constrained to look upon every human male who comes within the radius of her vision, in the light of a possible husband, though he may not have a single attribute that a pure-minded woman desires in a partner for life. Younger sisters are fast developing, and think themselves hardly used if they are denied a few of the social pleasures their seniors are enjoying. The father looks anxious, overworked, and, perhaps, a little disappointed, that his cherished daughters (who are pretty well educated and attractive) do not make brilliant matches like some of their friends. The mother, with her quiver full of daughters, and tired of the duties of

chaperonage, does not enquire too minutely into the position and prospects of a possible wooer, and when he does declare himself, his numerous imperfections are glossed over, and things are made fatally easy for him by an admiring family circle. The victim does her best to think she is specially blessed, though in the silent watches of the night her mind reverts to the *ideal lover* of her youth, who was denied her. She tolerates the caresses she receives, and makes feeble efforts to look as though she liked them. Hitherto a woman of no importance, she suddenly finds herself the centre of an enthusiastic feminine crowd, anxious to adorn her with raiment rich and rare, and to convert her into a modern Queen of Sheba, or a country dressmaker's dummy, according to the sum to be spent on her trousseau. If some well-meaning friend dares to hint that the intending bridegroom, in appearance, position, or age is hardly on the same social level as his bride, she or he, as the case may be, is politely cold-shouldered by all the relations as a pessimist of the deepest dye, who would deny dear Mary or Jane all the joys and advantages of a matrimonial career. The even tenour of her mind must not be ruffled at such a time by a clear statement of facts. It is immodest in the highest degree to point out to her gently that a gay Lothario, more according to her taste, may make his appearance if she waits a little longer; that the duties of wifehood and motherhood are shorn of their chiefest charms if the husband is uncongenial and his offspring take after their father. That the daily round and common task, performed for those we love, is a pleasing duty; but when we must work early and late for a person to whom we are at best absolutely indifferent, and with whom we have not an idea in common or a feeling in sympathy, domestic management is apt to pall. For in that closest of all unions, marriage, nothing remains at a dead level; we either love more and more as the years roll on, or the matrimonial chain galls us with its friction, and we pray for death as a happy release. Such views are regarded as inimical to the cause in hand, and are sternly repressed; the woman is borne on the flood of conventionality and public opinion, the noose is put round her neck with the approval and blessing of Holy Church, to the sound of joy-bells and showers of rice—and after that

#### THE DELUGE.

Now for the reverse side of the shield. If parents find in the earlier years of married life that of the olive branches which appear with such persistent regularity the greater proportion

are girls, why do they not train and educate them in such a manner that when they reach years of discretion, they need not be forced into loveless marriages, because they have never been prepared for the other alternative—honest work? In a family with which I am intimately acquainted a wise father and mother who were not too richly endowed decided to give each of their children, boys and girls alike, every advantage that education could afford. Individual talents, tastes, and preferences, were anxiously looked for, encouraged, and stimulated. Every means was taken to fit each one for gaining a livelihood in whatever walk of life was appropriate to his or her capabilities. Girls as well as boys could depend upon a small sum of ready money to be looked upon as working-capital, and if they ruthlessly spent that without receiving adequate return the responsibility lay with themselves. As in the parable of the talents, of course, there was considerable diversity of opinion as to how these various sums should be employed, but in the long run the plan proved satisfactory, and none could say that everything had been spent on the boys and that the girls had been left to fight for themselves, as is the case in so many families. If there was any difference the girls had the advantage. The different members, though far from millionaires, are now fairly prosperous, and they can marry or remain single according to the dictates of heart and conscience. Women of two or three and twenty do not wither and die away if, transplanted to some busy centre from the homestead, they are fully engrossed with their work. They start a model establishment with the few household goods they have collected and labour to maintain it. They join a club, which leads to agreeable friendships, and enjoy the simple pleasure commensurate with their means; and their early training is a sufficient barrier against the temptations of city life, and their father's house is open to them in sickness or other emergencies. Opinions have changed during the last two decades, and no one now seems astonished to find women living alone, or one or two together, so as to follow any useful career for which they are suited. In every great city, but more particularly in London, may be found numbers of lady clerks, lecturers, journalists, doctors, actresses, musicians, and others, the burden of whose cry is *not*

"Prithee, who will come and marry me?"

and who, as far as the general public can judge, appear to enjoy life at any rate as well as the average bachelor. Thoreau may be quoted as an excellent authority on the joys of an un-

fettered existence. "In proportion as life is simplified the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost; that is the proper place for them, now put the foundations under them. The single life is full of illusions—it is pre-eminently the life for imaginative persons. Both lives ought to be good, the married and the single, but there are many to whom the former is incomparably less fit than the latter." On the threshold of the Twentieth Century we no longer say with Marlowe:—

"Lone women, like empty houses, perish."

sum. The thinner makes of silk are also very popular this summer and some called *taffeta plissé* are woven in small goffered effects, which remind one of the fashions in vogue twenty years ago, when puff and frill were pre-eminent. They are to be found in all colours from cream, white and pale evening tints to the dark shades to be used with wool for general wear. A shot blue and green silk with puffs a couple of inches in width, separated by quarter inch lines of black and white satin, looks well in combination with deep blue or dark green wool. Chestnut browns are used with dull green or starch blue, and pink silks are shot with black and further embellished



CAPIES FOR SUMMER WEAR

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Women of all ranks and conditions this season, have clothed themselves in a universal livery of *crêpon*, and it is simply marvellous, what a variety of designs are offered in which a crinkled effect is the distinguishing feature. In the paler shades of rose, lemon, turquoise, fawn, grey and ivory, this fabric makes the daintiest toilets possible, while a plain black *crêpon* is one of the most appropriate materials for mourning ever introduced, as the effect is in many cases equal to *crêpe*, at half the cost, though its power of endurance is much greater. Silk stripes, *broché* and open work patterns, diagonal lines, and tiny checks offer an infinite variety of choice, and with silken linings of the same, or a contrasting shade, the most charming gowns are produced for a trifling

with black and white satin lines between the *plissé* stripes. These fancy fabrics are in great demand for bodices, having sleeves of a plain material, or *vice versa*. Another variety of summer gown is made of cloth punctured with eyelet holes, and lined with silk of a totally different shade. This form of trimming lends itself particularly well to shoulder capes, vests, puffed sleeves, etc., and is occasionally used as a border at the foot of the dress. For evening wear bodices are cut moderately high, and well over the shoulders, skirts are full, plain and slightly trained and short puffed sleeves are almost universal. A pretty ball dress may be made of *can de Nil* satin with *berthé* and epaulets embroidered in silver and the waist defined by a narrow band to correspond. Matrons show a marked par-

tiality for English made brocades, which are so cunningly wrought, and of such exquisite colourings that it is to be hoped they will soon drive their foreign rivals completely from the market.

In another sketch a simple morning dress is given composed of moss-green crêpon. The full corsage has a gathered vest and neckband of silk, the same colour, covered with guipure. The deep collar corresponds, and is terminated by two rosettes, and frills of lace falling on the shoulders. The round skirt has a fashionable pleated back, and is of convenient length for walking. Sleeves distended by wire, whalebone and other devices make short capes, which

turquoises and sapphires bring out the delicate colouring of the blonde. Yet the order of wearing these jewels is too often reversed to the detriment of those who use them. Opals charm by their beauty, but the superstition attaching misfortune to the wearer prevents them being generally popular. The origin of this stone is thus accounted for :

"The sunbeam loved the moonbeam  
And followed her low and high;  
But the moonbeam fled and hid her head,  
She was so shy—so shy.

But the sunshine followed and found her,  
And led her to Love's own feast;  
And they were wed on a rocky bed  
And the dying day was their priest.



MORNING DRESS OF CRÉPON



EVENING GOWN OF EAU DE NIL SATIN

give them full play, an absolute necessity, and are very useful for a variety of purposes. Lisse, lace, satin brocade and jet are used for this purpose, and all the newest designs have closely-pleated ruffles several inches in depth.

In the matter of jewels few women use discrimination. If they happen to possess a handsome coronet or necklace they are frequently donned without regard for the tint of the dress with which they are worn, or the complexion of the wearer, and mar more than they enhance the toilet. Diamonds dim rather than add to the brightness of sparkling eyes and white, well-shaped teeth; pearls we associate with extreme youth, yet how often are they seen on the necks of dowagers. Rubies and garnets throw into relief the black hair and creamy skin of the brunette; and

And lo! the beautiful opal,  
That rare and wondrous gem—  
Where the moon and the sun blend into one,  
Is the child that was born to them."

The most valuable ruby in the world is that which adorns our royal crown, made for the Queen in 1838. Tradition says it was worn by Henry V. in his helmet at the Battle of Agincourt. It can be traced to the 14th century, when King Pedro of Castille presented it to the Black Prince, and it is worth about half-a-million sterling. Topazes, amethysts, catseyes, moonstones, aqua marines and chrysolites are all employed in modern jewellery, either alone or in combination with other gems: and to each month some precious stone is dedicated. January claims the garnet, February the pearl, March the jacinth, April

the diamond, May the emerald, June the catseye, July the ruby, August the moonstone, September the sapphire, October the opal, November the topaz and December the turquoise.

The popularity of our photographic competition has been amply evinced by the numerous and beautiful specimens sent in by the invitation of the Editor. During the last few years very rapid strides have been made in this interesting art, which has an ever-increasing number of votaries, both professional and amateur. Several members of our Royal Family are skilled photographers and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales is a clever manipulator of the camera. To utilise a large number of the most successful views taken, an elaborate china tea service was recently ordered by the Princess, which was entirely decorated in this manner. Successful portraiture, however, is the aim and object every amateur photographer desires to attain, and this alas! offers many difficulties; for the human face and figure are unfortunately not remarkable for accurate perfection.

In taking a lady's portrait in Court or evening dress the front skirt invariably comes out too short by contrast and dwarfs the figure, and the same applies to the waist which appears

too thick. Photography, as is well known, also exaggerates the hands and feet if brought forward in the slightest degree.

Now I want to call our reader's attention to a most useful invention recently patented by Mr. Van der Weyde, of Regent Street, London, whose photographs have obtained a world-wide reputation. It is called the "Photo-Corrector," and was fully described by the inventor recently in an interesting lecture given before the Society of Arts, whose silver medal Mr. Van der Weyde possesses. Now the majority of people, and the fair sex especially, desire to have as favourable a portrait to present to their friends as circumstances permit; and though we protest against it in theory, in practice we have no insuperable objection to being flattered. By purely optical means the photographer is enabled to correct the negative by lengthening or reducing any portion of the figure, or to efface the exaggerations which the camera has brought into prominence—in fact, to produce an artistic picture, such as an artist would with the aid of the brush and his own imagination, rather than a mechanical effect lacking soul. When it is stated that the photo-corrector is approved by Sir Frederic Leighton, President of the Royal Academy of Arts, and other distinguished artists and scientists, there can be little doubt of its ultimate success when once its virtues are properly known and understood.



## Dramatic Notes.

*With Photographs specially taken by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, London.*

“**R**OGUES and Vagabonds” by Act of Parliament still unrepealed. Such I believe are all actors, stage-players, and mummers, yet such a change has taken place of latter years that now the society of our leading dramatic men and women is courted and sought for. And why not? Painting is an art, though to bring it down to a base level, what is it but the smearing of paint on canvas? And yet the true artist can so do that smearing that he can veritably make the picture speak, and by his harmonious blending of colours awaken our senses to a keen appreciation of the subject, and thereby often inspire us with ennobling and better thoughts. And if this is the case with the painter, how true also is it of the musician. I have often thought that that comic Yankee recitation, “How Rubinstein played the piano,” has a world of pathos and meaning in it, and no doubt the writer actually did feel many of the sensations so described. If these two branches of art are then already acknowledged and honoured, how creditable is it to the drama that it has also forced itself into recognition and is also honoured. Our Queen and all the members of the Royal Family are ardent patrons and supporters of the stage, as is evinced by the frequent command performances, and the numerous attendances of Royalty at our various play-houses. It is not too much to say that to one man alone is this success due. Of course, he has been ably supported by many others who, no doubt, have the love of their profession at heart, but yet one man is incomparably above his associates, a very peer amidst the pigmies. Is it necessary to add the name? Sir Henry Irving. I am sure I write the opinion of everyone when I say we one and all heartily and sincerely congratulate the new knight. For many years past a visit to the Lyceum Theatre has been an intellectual treat of the highest order, and also it has been a part of one's education. I firmly believe that Sir Henry Irving while, of course, deeply grateful for the honour and recognition bestowed upon him by his Sovereign, yet feels far more the great honour paid to the entire

dramatic profession through him. Sir Henry Irving has proved by his own industry that there is no royal road to success. He commenced at the very foot of the ladder of fame, struggled, and struggled hard, on salaries that rendered bare existence hardly possible, found at last the opportunity to place his foot on the first rung, and once having firmly grasped the ladder, he has ascended higher and higher until now he stands at the topmost point in the very zenith of his fame. It was in 1870, twenty-five years ago, that in Albery's “Two Roses,” a play which ran for 300 consecutive nights, that Irving first made his name in London, and forced the then jealous London critics to reluctantly admit that something good could come from the provinces. His next notable performance was his Matthias in “The Bells.” “Hamlet” was his next venture and by this he proved that Shakespeare spelt not “bankruptcy” but “fortune.” “Macbeth,” “Othello,” “Richard III.,” “The Merchant of Venice,” “Much Ado about Nothing,” “Twelfth Night,” “Henry VIII.” “King Lear,” “Becket,” “Faust,” “The Dead Heart,” “Ravenswood,” “The Lyons Mail,” “The Corsican Brothers,” “Robert Macaire,” “King Arthur” and, lastly, “A Story of Waterloo” and “Don Quixote,” are most of the notable Lyceum productions during Sir Henry Irving's tenure of power. It will be remembered when Booth came over here and took the Princess's, business was not very bright. It was here that Mr. Irving (as he was then) showed his generosity and large-heartedness by asking Booth to join him in “Othello,” and these two great artists enacted the parts of the Moor and Iago alternately. Who else would have been so noble? Who else could have offered to be? I have thought in “King Arthur,” Sir Henry also took second place and gave Mr. Forbes Robertson a chance of distinguishing himself in Launcelot, an opportunity Mr. Robertson rapidly grasped, and thus fully justified his chief's action. True, the great actor's individuality stood out, what else could it do? But yet the part of “King Arthur” was not, from a mummer's point of view, *the* part of the piece. Off the stage, also,

Sir Henry is a prince; he is ever willing to hold out a helping hand even to the very poorest and worst of actors. That it is a deserving case is all that is needed. This being so the pleader may rest assured he will not plead in vain. And yet withal, this largesse is distributed with such a lack of ostentation that it is only by chance one hears of these noble, kind-hearted actions. May he long live to bear his honour and to uphold the dignity and honour of the stage, of which he is such an excellent ornament, and to which he has by a life's devotion contributed no small share in making it as dignified and honourable as it is at the present day.

When Mr. George Alexander goes a-touring this autumn the St. James's Theatre is to be run by a syndicate, under the management of Mr. Elliott, and a new play by H. V. Esmond is to be put in the bills with the author in a leading part. Messrs. Lumley and Haddon Chambers have completed the script of their new play for the Adelphi, and handed it over to Messieurs Gatti. It is full of "real realism and romantic romance." Very fat



MISS CARLISLE AND MR. DIXON

parts are in it, I am told, for the two Williams, William Terriss, the ever young and beautiful, and William Abingdon the deep-dyed villain of the drama.



MR. FRAN" WYATT AND MISS VIOLET MELNOTTE

"Baron Golosh" at the Trafalgar has improved immensely since the first night of production, and there is something of a plot in the piece. A wealthy but very plebeian country innkeeper dies, as innkeepers, among others, have a habit of doing, and leaves all his wealth, some two million francs, to his brother, a jobbing shoemaker. This son of Crispin forsakes his last, purchases a title, and appropriately takes that of "Baron Golosh."

Act I. finds us in the Baron's house on the Faubourg St. Germain. Great preparations are going on, as all the nobility and gentry have been invited to witness the betrothal of their only daughter to Viscount Acacia. The noble family of the Acacias are poor but not proud, and the trifling wedding dot of a million francs is worth accepting. However, a wretched notary turns up, who informs the Baron that it is a stipulation of Uncle Sam's will that his successors shou'd



MR. HARRY PAULTON



MISS VICTOR

serve for the space of six months at the Blue Pig. A market gardener, one Marreau, also arrives unexpectedly, much to the disgust of the Baron, who, however, introduces him as a very wealthy but eccentric landed proprietor.

Act II., therefore, brings us to "The Blue Pig." The Baron has decided—as he must fulfil the duties of host for six months—to disguise himself and the other members of his household. As luck would have it, Marreau turns up, but fails to penetrate the disguise of the Baron. Then the Baron's own servants appear on the scene and actually tip him. Finally the Acacia family appear, and also a certain Madame de Bellefontaine. Explana-



MISS FLORENCE PERRY

tions ensue. A later will is discovered which leaves the money to Clementine, Golosh's daughter, who now is at liberty to marry the man of her choice, Gustave.

For this production a very strong cast has been gathered together. First of all we have Mr. E. J. Lonnen, a host in himself, who works hard from start to finish, and renders his numerous songs with clear enunciation. To assist him he has light-footed Miss Alice Lethbridge, who trips right merrily, not only in her sabot-dance, but also with Mr. Lonnen. Their duet and dance, "Things are not what they seem," is the hit of the evening, and is nightly encored and encored. Miss Kate Ruskin, as the Countess Acacia, and Miss Florence Perry,

as Clementine, have but little to do, but they do it well. Miss Perry renders her songs very charmingly. Miss Melnotte too, has but little to do but look handsome. Mr. Tripp Edgar knocks a lot of dry humour out of the part of Marreau, while Mr. Frank Wyatt and Mr. George Humphrey as the Count and Viscount Acacia, add no little to the success of the production. Mr. Scott Russell, as Gustave, has a most excellent stage presence, and his vocal contributions are highly appreciated, as is evinced by the cordial encores he nightly receives. We are likely to hear much more of Mr. Scott Russell in future.

Between the acts, Miss Fanny Wentworth introduces what she is pleased to style her "New Sketch." I wonder how much more elastic that word *new* is going to prove? I heard this "New Sketch" long ago, if my memory does not play me false. However, to those who have not heard it, it is refreshing and amusing. Miss Wentworth is gifted with a good and well-trained voice, and of which she makes good use. "Baron Golosh" is preceded by a one act play, "A Happy Thought," by H. Tripp Edgar. It is played by the author and Mr. Doun and Miss Ruskin, and serves its purpose well.

Mr. Charles Danby has now undertaken the part of Marreau, originally played by Mr. Harry Paulton. Mr. Danby's broad and accentuated humour finds great favour with the gods and pittites.

\* \* \*

Miss Olga Nethersole is the new "Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and to my mind is even better than Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Miss Nethersole's interpretation of the part is an intelligent, well thought out study, and, as such, is to be

greatly commended. She plays it on entirely different lines to her predecessor. One thing is certain, that Mr. Hare seems to get on far better and make more of his part than he did heretofore. By-the-bye, I understand Miss Nethersole has settled her little difference with Mr. Augustin Daly in a manner most satisfactory to herself, and Mr. Daly has now to pay handsomely for the privilege of failing to keep all his engagements. Miss Nethersole will shortly go on tour throughout the provinces previous to her return to America.

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Surely lovers of the drama or opera have been fully surfeited this month. At Daly's, where late "The Artist's Model" held sway, Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been delighting us one and all. Her initial performance this season was Sardou's "Gismonda." The plot is laid in Athens at an unknown period. Scene follows scene. Now we have Paganism and its rites closely followed by Christian ceremonies and the Palm Sunday procession in a cathedral with priests, acolytes, censers, candles, crowds, flowers and palms, was a splendidly

stage-managed affair. The scenery also is very grand, but the subject lends itself to it. "Izel," also, has been again given, with Madame Bernhardt in her marvellous impersonation.

\* \* \*

"Fedora" has been revived at the Haymarket, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the title rôle. I am sorry to see Mrs. Campbell's ambition leads her so much astray. Surely no one who has once seen "Fedora" played can accept this latest interpretation. It is too mild, too subdued, too weak entirely. "Fedora" re-



MISS MELNOTTE AND MR. HUMPHREYS

quires spirit, life, genius, and all these attributes are very much lacking in this the latest rendering of the part.

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"The Artist's Model" has been transferred *en bloc* from Daly's Theatre to the Lyric, but the change has not affected the business, which still continues to be immense.

\* \* \*

At the Empire of India Exhibition at Earl's Court, owing to the severe frost and inclement weather, followed by the influenza epidemic, the work was thrown back and, therefore, the exhibition on the opening day was far from finished. Quite enough, however, was

ready to give one a very good idea of what was to be. No less than twenty-six acres of ground are occupied by the buildings or grounds. Music there is in abundance. The



MR. E. J. LONNEN AND MISS ALICE LETHBRIDGE

representing that great country in the East with its teeming millions of inhabitants, and over which our most gracious Queen holds sway as Empress of India.

Welcome Club once more has thrown wide its portals. Native industries, amusements and arts are all represented. The native silver-smith, the carver, the carpet weaver, are all to be seen at work. Snake charmers, jugglers, mystic mongers, Parsee wrestlers, elephants, Brahmini cows, curios, Burmese *pwo* (dances) are all to be seen and appreciated. The loan collection is most interesting and instructive. I recommend my readers one and all to visit this wonderful show and gain some slight idea and insight of the many marvels to be found there

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Copies of these Photographs, illustrating "Baron Golosh," can be obtained from Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, London. Cabinets 1s. 6d. each. Small Panels 2s. 6d. each, post free.





DOLCE FAR NIENTE

(By Miss Dorothea Maw)



MAKING A WHEAT RICK IN WILTS

(By Mrs. Shuttleworth-Readall)

# PUZZLEDOM

## 211. A Riddle.

Two sisters on one day were born,  
Rosy and dewy as the morn,  
True as a sailor to his lass,  
Yet words between them often pass;  
At morn they part, but then at night  
They meet again and all is right:  
What seldom you in nymphs discover,  
They're both contented with one lover.

## 212. A Diamond.

A consonant, to drink, to hold back, a quantity,  
set free, displayed, estimated, guided, a letter.

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct, or most correct, answers by 20th July. Competitions should be addressed "July Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

## 213. A Numerical Enigma.

My 3, 7, 6, 12 is a poet of the 18th Century  
.. 14, 12, 13, 10 a home for a gipsy  
.. 1, 12, 3, 6, 7, 10 is a cruel ruler  
.. 4, 9, 14 is an insect  
.. 6, 2, 9, 14 a measure  
.. 11, 8, 10, 12 something small.  
My whole consists of 14 letters and is what  
nobody likes to meet with.

## CONUNDRUMS.

214. When is a boy in a pantry like a poacher?  
215. Why are your nose and chin always at variance?  
216. What resemblance is there between Dr. W. G. Grace and Methuselah?  
217. When was cricket first mentioned in the Bible?

## ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

204. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.  
205. A Postman.  
206. Clear, Leave, Eaves, Avert, Rests.  
207. Because he could not be a brother and assist her too.

208. When he turns over a new leaf.  
209. Because they are put off until the next day.  
210. When it cannot bear you.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our May Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Miss C. Furberrow, Braunstone, near Leicester; F. Farrow, 19, Mutley Plain, Plymouth, Devon; J. R. Allen, 12, Westmoreland Street, Stockport Road, Manchester; A. Pownell, 7, Town Close, Norwich; S. S. Hutchings, "Hope Cottage," Mylor Bridge, Penryn, Cornwall.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

THE winning photo for May is reproduced on the previous page. "Making a Wheat Rick in Wilts" is a very worthy second.

A prize of one guinea will be paid each month to the Competitor sending in the best and most artistic photograph. The Editor's decision on this point to be final.

Subjects may be selected from Landscapes, Seascapes, Studies from Life (people or animals), well-known Buildings, Ruins, &c. The larger the picture the better. But portraits will not be eligible. Silver prints or P.O.P. are preferred, Bromide and Platinotype are objectionable for reproduction.

All photos sent in must be mounted on smooth card and named at the foot of print.

The Competitor's name and address must be written clearly on the back of each subject.

The Coupon, which will be found at the top of the Contents page of this number of THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE, must be cut out and pasted on the back of any one photo sent in and be signed by the Competitor.

A Competitor may send in any number of photographs, provided they are sent in one parcel and accompanied by a Coupon. One Coupon will be sufficient for each parcel, whether it contains one or more photos, and should be addressed, "July Photos," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

No photographs will be returned under any circumstances, but will remain the property of the Editor.

The winning photo for the month, together with such other photos that the Editor may select, will be reproduced in THE LUDGATE, together with the winner's name and address.

The Competition for July will close on the 30th July and the winner will be announced in our September Number.

## A £10 10s. PRIZE OFFERED.

The Monthly Competition has proved so popular that we propose to add another Competition.

We therefore offer one of the Celebrated Frena  $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate Hand Cameras, with case and tripod, value £10 10s., for the best series of photographs (not less than six nor more than twelve) sent in by any Competitor any time up to 30th August. The Competition will close on 30th August.

Similar subjects may be selected as those eligible for the Monthly Competitions. But they must form a Series. Thus a series of views of some interesting historical town, seaside resort, cathedral, castle, ruins, &c., or studies of animals, &c.

A Competitor can send in any number of series provided that each series is accompanied by a signed coupon. The above Rules to be observed. Particulars of the Frena will be found in our advertisement pages.

The Prize of One Guinea for the May Competition has been awarded to Miss Dorothea Maw, Severn House, Irons Bridge, Shropshire.

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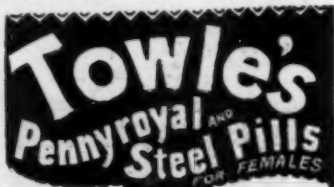
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